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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Extracts from Notices.

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"This magazine is so well known that it hardly needs at this late day any extended commendation. Each number is in itself a photograph, so to speak, of contemporary foreign literature, all the best articles from the foreign magazines and reviews being republished. Any library possessing a full set of THE LIVING AGE has on its shelves a perfect reproduction of the best English thought for the past forty years and more."

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The Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburgh, says:—
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The Christian at Work, New York, says it is

The Christian at Work, New Fork, says it is
"The best of all the works of its kind. It represents
in the fullest sense the high-water mark of the best
iterature of the times. It is the cream of all that
is good. Embracing as it does the choicest literature of the magazines and reviews of the day, culled
with a discrimination and judgment that is most
remarkable, it is one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the times. It is a complete
library in itself. We cannot note a single point
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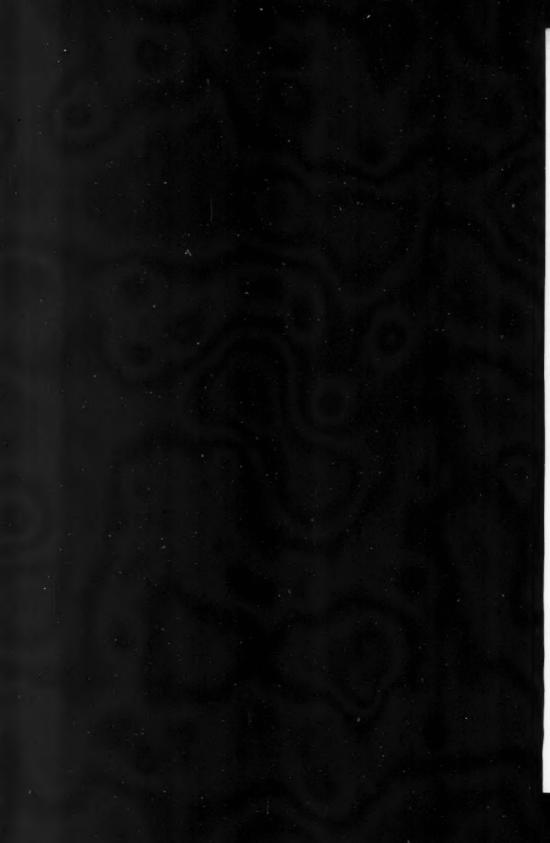
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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SLEEP.

WHILE children sleep
They know not that their father toils;
They know not that their mother prays—
Bending in blessing o'er their beds,
Imploring grace for afterdays.

While children sleep
They never dream that others work
That they may have their daily bread;
When morning comes they rise and eat,
And never ask how they are fed.

While children sleep
They do not see the shining sun —
They do not know the gracious dew,
In daily miracle of love,
Is ever making all things new.

Do we not sleep?

And know not that our Father works
With watchful care about our way.

He bends in blessing from above—
His love broods o'er us day by day.

Do we not sleep?

And never dream that others work,
Reaping the sheaves that might be ours;
We see not how the shadows fall,
Which mark the swift departing hours.

Ah, still we sleep!
Our drowsy eyes see not the light,
See not the hands stretched out to bless,
See not that waiting for us stands
God's kingdom and his righteousness.
Good Words. "DAGMAR."

THE TRUE LOVER.

To him whose love flows on — beyond the

Of life, whose days are full of lonelinesses, But who within the heart's remote recesses Hears the bright laughter of the living world; To him delight is as a ringlet curled Around his finger for a little space, That, slipping, leaves him thinking of a face Which laughed and wept, but now shall weep no more.

To him there is no treason in new love
That wrongs not any old, no faith in giving
To wantless dead the crumbs that feed the

Devotion none in watching wakeless sleep, For him his friends descend not to the deep Of sunless grave, but with no clouded face Remain to cheer the remnant of his race Between the green earth and the stars above. To him indeed the world is as "a stage" From which there is no exit for the players, The scene is crowded with the dear delayers Whose part is over, but they do not go. But still he lives his part of joy or woe Unlearned, unacted, as the Master-will Dictates whose many-plotted dramas fill The theatre of life from age to age.

To him each year a benefactor seems

That leaves him stores of happiness and sorrow;

He neither hugs to-day nor fears to-morrow; He welcomes winter as he welcomes spring; For he has shaken hands with suffering And seen the wings of joy, nor does he

scorn
The gift of any day however born,
In mist of tears or in the light of dreams.

To him the new is dearer for the old,
To him the old for each new day is dearer,
His unforgotten youth seems ever nearer,
As though the ends of life were made to meet;
To him the mingled cup of bitter-sweet
Is grown familiar as his daily bread,
And in the awful dark he rests his head
With a hushed confidence that is not bold.

To him death seems less terrible than sleep,
For he has seen the happiness of dying,
And no bad dreams disturb the tranquil
lying

Of those who bear green grass above the breast;

And if there be a waking after rest,

He shall not wake alone, but he shall be
With all he loves and all he longs to see;
And if he shall not wake — he shall not weep.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"DONEC ASPIRET DIES, ET INCLINENTUR
UMBRÆ."

SHE doth but sleep; she will awake anon, Radiant and happy, when the night is gone; Smiling to greet us at the dawn of day. To us, the night seems long—the slow hours

creep;
But she — she knows not of her longer sleep,
Nor recks at all of night, or dawn's delay.

We will not think of her, our child, as dead; But only waiting till the word be said, "Let there be light"—and darkness be no

"Let there be light"—and darkness be no more.

Then, as the day breaks and the shadows flee, She will all rested wake, and full of glee Call to us, coming, as so oft before. JOHN JERVIS BERESFORD, M.A.

Temple Bar.

From The London Quarterly Review. SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD.*

THE eye of the visitor to the Duomo at Florence is arrested by a picture, which hangs on the wall at the west end of the church, of a knight in complete armor, except that, instead of helmet, he wears a cap, or berrettone, riding an ambling charger, a short cloak depending from his shoulders, and the baton of a general in his right hand. The picture is a copy of a fresco by Paolo Uccello, painted in 1436, to perpetuate the memory of one of the ablest and most faithful servants the Florentine Republic ever had - an Englishman, one Sir John Hawkwood, a native of Essex, who, after wandering many ways and fighting many battles, closed a chequered, but not ignoble, career at Florence on March 16, 1394. With the fame of this man, whom Hallam justly calls the first real general of modern Europe, the chronicles of the fourteenth century are full, and from time to time attempts have been made, both by Englishmen and foreigners, to put together some sort of consecutive account of his life and achievements. Little, however, was, or indeed could be, effected until the labors of Ricotti, Gregorovius, Sismondi, and others had evolved something like order out of the chaos of Italian history during the fourteenth century, and the livelier interest in historical research which, as one effect of the revival of Italian national life, had opened a variety of theretofore inaccessible sources of information.

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Accordingly, now, in the year of grace 1889, we have before us, as the result of the joint exertions of an Englishman and an Italian, the first real life of Sir John Hawkwood that has ever appeared.

Of the manner in which the task has been executed we, who before its appearance had occasion to examine most of the authorities for ourselves, can speak, on the whole, in terms of the highest praise. The work is accurate and scholarly, except that, by some oversight, for which we are at a loss to account, certain curious errors occur in the citation of authorities; the style, though, perhaps, a little too dif-

fuse, is clear and interesting; enough of the general history of the period is interwoven with the narrative to make Hawkwood's relation to it intelligible, though, nevertheless, the book is kept within the very moderate compass of two hundred and forty-eight octavo pages, while it derives additional value from an appendix of original documents drawn chiefly from the archives of various Italian cities and hitherto inedited. The book is thus a valuable contribution to the history of mediæval Italy; it is also of special interest to the English reader as the story of the life of an Englishman who, in an age remote from ours and amid various and startling changes of scene and circumstance, exhibited in a peculiarly striking manner some of the essential traits which in later times have come to be recognized as the special characteristics of the men

of action of his race. Sir John Hawkwood was, like many distinguished Englishmen, a younger son. His father, Gilbert Hawkwood of Hedingham Sibil, Hinckford Hundred, Essex, was a substantial tanner, residing on an estate which had been in the family since the time of King John, and had a coat of arms, trade or manufacture being, according to old English ideas, no "diminution of gentry." The date of Sir John Hawkwood's birth has not been precisely determined, but we shall probably not be far wrong if we place it in the second decade of the fourteenth century. His early life is a blank, but it is probable that, with the view of pushing his fortunes, he joined the English army in France, and served under the banner of Edward III. or the Black Prince at Crecy or Poictiers. He does not, however, emerge into history until 1359, when the war was virtually at an end, and the peace of Brétigny looming in the near future. Unable to endure inaction, Hawkwood raised a company of freebooters in Gascony, and began levying war on his own account. He sacked Pau, despoiling the clergy but sparing the laity. From Pau he marched on Avignon, then the seat of the Papacy. It so happened that at this time other bands of freebooters, driven southward by the vigorous measures then being taken by King John

^{*} Giovanni Acuto. Storia d'un Condottiere. Per G. Temple Leader e G. Marcotti. Firenze, 1889.

for the restoration of peace and order in | foot; the squire somewhat less heavily France, were concentrating in the neighborhood of Avignon, and to these Hawkwood joined his forces. Pope Innocent VI. had none but spiritual arms to oppose to theirs, and, having exhausted the resources of ecclesiastical stage thunder, was fain to bribe them to go in peace and take service under the Marquis of Monferrato, who was then much in need of stout hearts and strong arms to help him in his struggle with his own and the Church's arch-enemies, the Visconti of The money duly paid - some sixty thousand francs, says Froissart the free companions took their departure like men of honor, and made their way by Nice and the Riviera into Italy. The Marquis of Monferrato employed them, under the command of Albert Sterz, a German, in ravaging the Milanese. This they did with such effect that early in 1363 the Visconti made peace. The company then passed into the service of the republic of Pisa, at that time engaged in one of its innumerable petty wars with Florence, and in December Sterz was superseded by Hawkwood.

The White Company, as the force of which Hawkwood now found himself the commander was called, probably from the immaculate splendor of their arms, which were burnished to the brightness of a mirror, made a profound impression on the Florentine mind. Filippo Villani has left a lively description of their personnel, their equipment, and their tactics. All in the prime of life, inured to every kind of hardship in the French wars, laughing to scorn the utmost extremes of Italian heat and cold, making no distinction between night and day, brave to impetuosity, but trained by severe discipline to render implicit obedience to the word of command, they were such warriors as Italy had never known since the best days of the ancient Romans. By what strikes the modern reader as a curious anachronism, they were essentially a corps of mounted infantry. The unit of organization was "the lance" - i.e., a knight and a squire, armed with a single long and heavy lance or pike,

armed; both rode powerful chargers; the page attended them on a palfrey. They appear to have fought both on horseback and on foot, but used their lances only in the latter mode, forming in close square or circle, each lance grasped by its proper knight and squire on either side, while their pages held their horses. Thus behind a hedge of level lance points, projecting like the tusks of a wild boar, they waited to receive the enemy or advanced against them slowly, and with fierce shouts and in unbreakable order. Their tactics on horseback are not described, but presumably they charged like other cavalry, using their swords to cut down the enemy. They also carried bows slung across their backs. Besides the mounted infantry, the White Company included a corps of infantry proper, armed with the long bow of yew, which they fixed upright in the ground before drawing it, and in the use of which they were extremely expert. Their mode of fighting was savage in the extreme, every sort of atrocity being ascribed to them except the torture of their prisoners, a practice in which their German confrères were only too apt to indulge. A company of these latter, under one Hans von Bongard, entered the Pisan service about the same time as the White Company, and was also placed under Hawkwood's command. Together the two companies mustered about nine thousand men. It would be tedious to enter into the details of the petty war which ensued. Suffice it to say that the Florentines permitted Hawkwood to advance to the gates of their city without opposing any serious resistance; that he made two attempts to force an entrance, but was beaten off with considerable loss, and that on his retreat he was deserted by the bulk of his army, corrupted by a lavish distribution of Florentine gold, and arrived in Pisa with only a few hundred of the White Company; that a Florentine army four thousand strong then marched on Pisa, and encamped at Cascina, a few miles from the city; that Hawkwood attempted to carry this camp by a coup de main and effected and a page to attend on them. The knight a breach in its palisades, but was eventwas sheathed in iron or steel from head to ually repulsed; that a revolution thereupon took place in Pisa, one Giovanni dell' Agnello being elected doge of the city, and that he forthwith made peace with Florence (Aug., 1364). Upon this Hawkwood resumed his old profession of free lance, roving about Tuscany, pillaging and levying contributions. Hawkwood, however, was not without a formidable rival in Hans von Bongard, who had also found in Tuscany his happy huntingground, and seems to have regarded Hawkwood as a sort of trespasser. At any rate when Hawkwood, in November, made his appearance before Perugia, with the intention of taking toll of that prosperous republic, he found himself opposed by Von Bongard. Perugia, in fact, had adopted the policy of setting the barbarians to fight one another, and had hired Von Bongard to defend it. The policy, however, was hardly successful, for the companies, being equally matched, fraternized, and, swearing eternal friendship to the commune of Perugia, dined together at its expense, and billeted themselves upon it for the rest of the month.

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Perugia seems to have had special attractions for Hawkwood, for we find him returning thither in the following July. This time, however, Von Bongard was true to his engagement with the republic, and fought a stubbornly contested pitched battle with Hawkwood, in which he was victorious. Hawkwood escaping with the fragments of his company into the Sienese, whither Von Bongard pursued him, driving him eventually into the Maremma. Hawkwood, however, soon beat up recruits, and, joining his forces with a German company, under a certain Count John of Habsburg, and an Italian company, under Ambrogio, a bastard son of Bernabò Visconti, made another descent upon Tuscany. The havoc wrought by these bands of marauders was indescribable. Most of the Tuscan towns had exiled their feudal aristocracy, or, at any rate, deposed them from power, without organizing any civic militia. Hence they were absolutely at the mercy of any well-armed and disciplined band of brigands that happened to appear before their gates. In vain the pope excommunicated the companies, in

They laughed to scorn his brute fulminations, knowing well that he had neither money nor men to back them up. At last he conceived the bizarre idea of converting them into soldiers of the Cross, then much needed to cope with the infidel Turk, who was already in possession of Greece, and was daily become a more and more serious menace to Christendom. He applied to the Marquis of Monferrato, who, as also emperor of the East, was most nearly interested in the success of the plan, to take them into his service and carry them abroad. The plan completely failed, owing to the invincible repugnance of the freebooters, who much preferred the lucrative and easy occupation of pillaging the peaceful and emasculate natives of Tuscany to the hard knocks which were all they were ever likely to get from the infidel dogs. There is extant a curious letter from St. Catherine of Siena to Hawkwood on this subject, which, though undated, appears from internal evidence to have been written in 1374, and which shows how long the idea of converting Hawkwood lingered in that ardent mind. She addresses him as her dearest and most beloved brother in Christ Jesus, and begs him with pathetic earnestness to exchange the service of the devil for the service and cross of Christ, and leave warring upon Christians and go to war against the infidel dogs. Thereby, she adds, he will prove himself a true knight. The exhortation, we need hardly say, had no effect upon the hardened condottiero.

For some years prior to the date of this letter Hawkwood's life had been one of incessant activity. He had been drawn into the thick of the struggle between the clerical and anti-clerical, the Guelf and Ghibelline factions, which kept mediæval Italy in a state of all but perpetual internecine war. The heads of the anti-clerical party were at this time the Visconti of Milan. They sought by every means, lawful and unlawful, to extend their dominion or influence in the peninsula, and in particular by fomenting discord in the free cities, in order that they might have a pretext for intervening by force and setting up a nominee of their own as tyrant, or doge, vain he preached a crusade against them. or podesta, supported by a garrison from

Milan. They possessed the only standing army in Italy - an army composed chiefly of ultramontane mercenaries - German, Hungarian, English - but which also included the Italian company commanded by Ambrogio Visconti, and which may thus be regarded as the germ of Italian military organization. To counteract their growing power the pope had, in 1367, formed an alliance with the emperor and some of the principal Italian States, and in May, 1368, the emperor had invaded Lombardy with a large army. Hawkwood, who came to Milan about this time, drawn thither, perhaps, by the approaching mar-riage of Galeazzo Visconti's daughter Violante to Edward the Third's third son, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, which was celebrated with much magnificence on the 5th of June, entered the Milanese service in the following August. The war was very languidly prosecuted, and the emperor made peace in the following spring. The Visconti, however, were bent on carrying on covert hostilities against the pope, and found their opportunity at Perugia, which had hitherto refused to acknowledge Papal suzerainty. In 1369 the pope sent an army into the Perugino to enforce what he conceived to be his rights, and the Visconti placed Hawkwood and his lances at the disposal of Perugia. He was, however, defeated near Arezzo by the Papal German levies, and taken prisoner, but forthwith ransomed by the commune of Perugia. Collecting his scattered forces, he marched on Montefiascone, where the pope then was. The pope fled to Viterbo. Hawkwood pursued, but was compelled to retreat after burning the vineyards in the neighborhood of the town. Retreating through the Pisano he encountered at Cascina a Florentine army of four thousand men under Malatacca of Reggio -Florence was then in alliance with the pope - and, though outnumbered by two to one, completely routed it, taking two thousand prisoners, much booty, and the standard of the republic (Dec. 1). He then marched to Sarzana, collected reinforcements, and returned to the Pisano, being commissioned by the Visconti to restore Giovanni dell' Agnello, who had recently been deposed by the citizens. He made an ineffectual attempt to carry the city by escalade, and then retired, burning Livorno by the way. He was next employed in an attempt to reduce Reggio, which had joined the Papal League, but was defeated under its walls by the Florentine general,

Soon after this peace was made. Employment, however, was found for Hawkwood's restless energy in a little war which the Visconti were waging with the Marquis of Monferrato. Together with Ambrogio Visconti, he invaded the marquisate, and laid siege to Asti; but, finding himself hampered in his conduct of the operations by a council of war, whom he scornfully described as "scribes," he threw up his command and entered the Papal service. A new war between the Papal League and the Visconti soon broke out, and Hawkwood, of course, had his full share of the toils and honors of it. He inflicted a signal defeat on a superior Milanese force on the Panaro, in January, 1373, was in his turn defeated by Gian Galeazzo, son of Galeazzo Visconti, at Montechiaro, on May 8, but, rallying his forces at Gavardo, turned on the pursuing Milanese, and completely routed them, after which he retreated to Bologna. war was now permitted to languish, and Hawkwood, sick of inaction, and unable to obtain regular pay from the pope, took once more to levying contributions in Tus-It was probably about this time (1374) that the letter of St. Catherine of Siena, to which we have already referred, was written. Meanwhile the exactions of Papal legates and governors, most of whom were Frenchmen, had excited the utmost discontent and indignation in the cities subject to the Papacy. Florence was veering round to the side of the Visconti, and when, in June, 1375, Hawkwood appeared before its walls with a considerable force, and threatened to burn its corn unless he were paid a handsome contribution, the republic made terms with him, paying him one hundred and thirty thousand florins of gold in return for the disclosure of a plot to betray Prato into his hands and an engagement not to molest the city for five years, except in obedience to superior orders, and granting him an annual pension of twelve hundred florins for life. From this time his allegiance to the pope seems to have been of very doubtful quality. The condottiero, to whom pay was all-important, had felt the magic of the Florentine gold, and the pope continued a bad paymaster. Events occurred which subjected his loyalty to a severe strain. Florence concluded an alliance with the Visconti, and her emissaries were soon busy in Romagna and the Bolognese organizing a general revolt against the Church. The signal was given Manuo Donati, who, however, died of by Città di Castello, a little town on the wounds received on the field of battle, site of the ancient Tifernum, between

Perugia and Rimini. stationed at Perugia, when, early in November, 1375, came intelligence that Città di Castello was in revolt. He was forthwith despatched to reduce the town, but before he had done so was recalled to Perugia, which had also risen. He found the governor besieged in the citadel, and, siding with the populace, compelled him to capitulate, and sent him under escort to Rimini. The rich booty thus obtained was shared by his soldiers with the populace. By way of security for his pay Hawkwood seized the castle of Castrocaro, to which the Church, now anxious to conciliate him, added the fortified towns of Bagnacavallo and Cotignola. The revolt now became general - about eighty cities and towns shaking off the Papal yoke; and Hawkwood did, and indeed could do, little to cope with it. He laid siege, however, to Granaruola. On March 20, Bologna caught the flame. Hawkwood at once raised the siege of Granaruola, and marched into the Bolognese. Arriving at Faenza, a city as yet outwardly loyal, he entered it, expelled the inhabitants, except a few of the wealthiest, whom he held to ransom, and the more attractive of the women, and then marched on Bologna, desolating the country with fire and sword. The Bolognese, however, held his two sons as hostages, and to obtain their release he conceded a truce of sixteen months. He then betook himself to Cotignola, where he strengthened the fortifications and built himself a palace. Early in the following year he was summoned to Cesena, where the populace had risen against the Breton garrison, which had been placed there by the cardinal of the Twelve Apostles, Robert of Geneva, afterwards Anti-Pope Clement VII. His instructions were brief and simple, "Blood, blood, and justice!" Hawkwood proposed to spare those who laid down their arms, but the cardinal would not hear of it, and added emphatically, "I command you." Hawkwood accordingly led his men into the town on the night of February 3, and in the course of a three days' massacre put to the sword some thousands of the inhabitants, without distinction of rank or profession, age or sex, sparing neither the infirm, nor women with child, nor children at the breast, while the cardinal rode by his side and ejaculated, "Affatto, affatto!" (Thorough, thorough). For the honor of our countryman it must, however, be added that he contrived to save a thousand of the women, and sent them under escort to Rimini, which was crowded with fugi-

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Hawkwood was tives in the utmost destitution. Cesena en, early in Noigence that Città lated.

This was Hawkwood's last act in the service of the Church. In April he entered the service of the Anti-papal League, Bernabo Visconti promising him one of his natural daughters, the Lady Donnina, in marriage. It is not clear whether he was then a widower, or whether the two sons mentioned in connection with the revolt of Bologna were illegitimate. The marriage was celebrated with much splendor at Milan in May. The summer and autumn passed in some desultory fighting and negotiation in Tuscany, and in March, 1378, a congress assembled at Sarzana to arrange terms of peace. Its deliberations were interrupted by the death of the pope, Gregory XI., but his successor, Urban VI., made peace in July. He was unpopular with the French cardinals, who elected Robert of Geneva as anti-pope, and a war followed. Hawkwood, meanwhile, was fighting the battle of Bernabo Visconti against the Scaligers of Verona, whose inheritance, they being illegitimate, Bernabò claimed in right of his wife Beatrice, sister of Car Signore della Scala, their father. Louis of Hungary, however, sent an army to their support, under Stephen Laczsk, Waiwode of Transylvania, by whom Hawkwood was defeated under the walls of Verona, and compelled to retreat. Bernabò Visconti then treated him as a traitor, putting a price on his head, and he retired to Bagnacavallo in the spring of 1379. Soon afterwards the Breton forces of the anti-pope were defeated at Marino by the Italian company of St. George, and he himself took refuge in Avignon. Queen Joan of Naples having taken his part, the pope, following time-honored precedents, offered her kingdom to Louis of Hungary, who commissioned his nephew, Charles of Durazzo, to conquer it. He marched through Italy, meeting with little resistance, and occupied Naples in July, 1381. The anti-pope, however, found a rival claimant in Louis, Duke of Anjou, who assembled an army in Provence, and finding as little difficulty in traversing Italy as Charles had done, arrived in Apulia in 1382. The pope forthwith secured Hawkwood's services on behalf of his nominee by arrangement with the Florentine government. The war, however, if such it can be called, was very languidly prosecuted, and Hawkwood soon marched northward, and, after a little raiding and ravaging in Tuscany, entered, in December, 1387, the service of Francesco Carrara,

Marquis of Padua, then at war with the Scaligers. He brought with him only five hundred English horse and six hundred English archers, but was placed in command of the entire Paduan army, which numbered about seventy-five hundred horse and one thousand foot. With this force he crossed the Adige at Castelbaldo in January, 1387, and advanced unopposed into the heart of the Veronese. Here, however, his army soon began to suffer severely from hunger and thirst, the enemy intercepting his supplies and poisoning the wells; and he was at length compelled to retreat, closely pursued by a Veronese army immensely superior in numbers, and including a battery of bombards, a kind of rude artillery which discharged a stone projectile about the size of a hen's egg. At Castagnaro, on the Adige, he made a stand, selecting a position between the raised bank or dyke which confined the stream within its channel and a small canal which connected the dyke with a neighboring marsh. In order to attack him it was thus necessary that the enemy should descend into the ditch, in effecting which operation they were, of course, exposed to the arrows of his men. They did so, however, and, covered by the fire from their bombards, climbed up the other side and engaged in a hand struggle with the Paduan defenders, who were already giving way, when Hawkwood, at the head of the English contingent, passed round the end of the ditch where it joined the Adige and took them in flank and rear. They fell into confusion, the Paduans charged down the slope, and the enemy were completely routed. The rout became a massacre, which was prolonged far into the night, and Padua was for a time relieved of all danger of invasion. Not for long, however. Carrara, whose service Hawkwood quitted soon after the victory, entered into an alliance with Gian Galeazzo, now, by the murder of his uncle Bernabò, sole lord of Milan, for the partitioning of the Veronese. Gian Galeazzo, Count of Virtue, as he was called, as if in irony, easily conquered the Veronese, and then invaded the Padovano. Carrara abdicated in favor of his son, Francesco Novello, and the latter was compelled by the Milanese general, Jacopo del Verme, to surrender Padua. He was taken a prisoner to Milan, but escaped thence, and fled by a circuitous route to Florence, where he at once began to intrigue for his restoration.

which he had recently acquired, where he was joined by Bernabo Visconti's son, Carlo. Suspecting that such a conjunction boded no good to himself, Gian Galeazzo laid a plot to destroy his nephew by procuring some poisoned figs to be sent him. This, however, Hawkwood detected in time, and put Carlo on his guard. The two then collected a considerable force, with a view to striking a blow at the Count of Virtue when opportunity should present itself. The help of Flor-ence was, however, indispensable, and Florence hesitated to challenge so powerful an adversary. Hawkwood and Carlo accordingly, in the autumn of 1388, marched into Apulia, and placed their swords at the disposal of Queen Margaret, widow of Charles of Durazzo.

Neapolitan affairs had long been in a condition of anarchy. Both Louis and Charles were dead, but their partisans continued the struggle in the interest of their infant sons. At this time the Angevin faction was in the ascendant, and held all Naples except the Castle of Capuana, which still held out for Queen Margaret. An attempt was made in the spring of 1389 to relieve the garrison, Hawkwood, of course, taking part in it. It failed, however, and towards the end of April the governor capitulated. A year later Hawkwood was recalled to Florence, where it had at length been determined to take energetic action against the Count of Virtue, who was already threatening Bologna, and thought to be aiming at the sovereignty of Italy. Hawkwood was received by the citizens with every sign of enthusiasm, was appointed commanderin-chief of the Florentine forces, and, after taking all necessary measures for putting the city in a posture of defence, hurried to Bologna, accompanied only by a small escort. The city was held by twelve hundred lances and three thousand infantry, under Giovanni da Barbiano. The Milanese investing army, under Jacopo dal Verme, withdrew on Hawkwood's arrival, and he was thus able to employ the garrison in offensive operations in the Modenese and Reggiano. This brought Jacopo dal Verme upon the scene again. Hawkwood engaged and defeated him, near Samoggia, a few miles from Bologna, on June 21. About the same time came the news that Francesco Novello had recovered Padua, where Hawkwood joined him in the autumn at the head of a considerable force, drawn partly from Florence, Hawkwood, meanwhile, had retired to partly from Bologna. In January the the castle of Montecchio, near Cortona, allies invaded the Veronese, crossing the

campaign was to effect a junction with the Comte d'Armagnac, who was to enter the Milanese from the side of Provence with a large army of French adventurers. He was, however, unexpectedly slow in taking the field, and Hawkwood, after making two reconnaissances in force in the Veronese, returned to Padua without obtaining any tidings of him. At length came the news that D'Armagnac had entered Piedmont, and Hawkwood, about the middle of March, again crossed the Adige. He advanced almost unopposed into the heart of the Bergamasco, and there, in June, at a place called Pandino, in the district between the Adda and the Oglio, about fifteen miles from Milan, encamped and waited for news of D'Armagnac. No news, however, came, but instead Jacopo dal Verme made his appearance, with an army of about ten thousand effective combatants and a mass of militia besides. Hawkwood's army had at starting numbered twenty-two hundred lances and a considerable body of infantry, including twelve hundred crossbowmen, but was probably by this time somewhat reduced in num-Nevertheless, Jacopo dal Verme steadily refused to risk a pitched battle, but hovered about the camp, cutting off Hawkwood's supplies and harassing him with frequent skirmishes. Accordingly towards the end of the month Hawkwood was compelled to retreat. He made for Cremona, but halted at a place called Paterno Fasolaro, a few miles to the north of the city, where he lay for four days, affecting the utmost despair, and permitting the enemy to come close up to his lines and indulge in every kind of insult. His object was to lure them into a false security, in which he succeeded so thoroughly that Jacopo dal Verme sent him a trap with a live fox in it, by way of indicating that he had him in his toils. Hawkwood, however, with a smile, released the animal, and sent the empty trap back to the Milanese general, remarking that the animal had found his way out. On the fifth day he made a sudden sortie, by which he placed between two and three thousand of the enemy hors de combat, and cleared his way to the Oglio. Though closely pursued by Dal Verme, he succeeded in passing this stream, and also the Mincio, without serious loss.

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There remained, however, the Adige between him and safety, and as he approached Castagnaro, the scene of his brilliant victory in 1386, he found his diffi-

Adige at Castelbaldo. The plan of the Lombardic plain were then as now only prevented from overflowing their banks by raised dikes, and the dike of the right bank of the Adige had, whether by design or accident does not appear, been broken down in parts, so that the country about Castagnaro had become a vast lake. Meanwhile the Milanese army was pressing on Hawkwood's rear, so that he found himself in as uncomfortable a position as the Israelites of old when, with the Red Sea in their faces, they heard the sound of Pharaoh's chariot wheels behind them, while he had nothing to trust to but his own audacity and resource. To wait and give battle to the Milanese general was out of the question. Hawkwood's men were wasted by hunger and forced marches, and probably, though we have no precise information on the point, much reduced in number, and, except the little English contingent, no longer to be depended on for fighting. There was therefore but one course to take, and that an extremely hazardous one - to push on across the inundated plain. The chief difficulty was how to dispose of the infantry. Many a general would have abandoned them to their fate. Not so Hawkwood. Trusting to the strength of the mighty chargers which his cavaliers rode, he directed each of them to mount a foot soldier behind him on the croup, and, leaving the rest in the camp with flags flying and fires burning to delude the enemy into the idea that it was still occupied in force, he slipped off by night, and guiding his men by devious tracks, where he judged from his accurate knowledge of the country that the water was likely to be shallowest, arrived in the morning at Castelbaldo, not without considerable loss, but with the bulk of his army intact. Here he was safe, for the Milanese general did not venture to follow him up by such a trackless path; and indeed it was universally conceded that none but Hawkwood would have dared such a venture. Poggio Bracciolini, the Florentine historian, waxes eloquent on the entire retreat, comparing it to the most brilliant feats of the ancient Roman generals, and later writers, such as Sismondi, have been hardly less eulogistic.

Soon after Hawkwood's arrival in the Padovano, D'Armagnac was defeated and slain under the walls of Alessandria, and early in the autumn the Milanese forces invaded Tuscany. Hawkwood, however, was there before them, and, though greatly outnumbered, contrived by incessant skirculties increase. The rivers of the great mishes and Fabian tactics to wear out

retreat, so that in the spring Florence was able to conclude an honorable peace, Padua remaining in the hands of Francesco Novello. Hawkwood was now advanced in age, probably an octogenarian, and for the rest of his life resided quietly at Florence, where he had a house called Polverosa, in the suburb of San Donato di Torre. The republic raised his pension to thirty-two hundred florins of gold, settled a jointure of one thousand florins of gold on his wife, and voted marriage portions for his three daughters of two thousand florins of gold apiece, conferred the freedom of the city upon himself and his issue male forever, saving only capacity to hold office, and gave orders for the construction of a splendid marble monument

to perpetuate his memory.

Though he must have made considerable sums at various times by the exercise of his profession, he does not seem to have been, even in his later years, a very wealthy man. Most of his gains he probably spent, and his savings were chiefly invested in various estates, which he was on the point of realizing with the intention of returning to England, when the project was frustrated by his death, which terminated a short illness in the night of March 16, 1394. He was buried in the Duomo at the public expense and with the utmost pomp, all the church bells tolling for the dead, the citizens closing their shops, and many of them in deep mourning following the bier, which, draped in scarlet velvet and cloth of gold, was borne by Florentine knights amidst much waving of banners, blazing of torches and church candles, flashing of armor, and wailing of women from the Piazza dei Signori to the house of mourning, and thence to the Church of St. John the Baptist, where the body was exposed for a time. Gregorovius comments with some severity on the fact that Florence could deny a tomb to Dante, and could yet pay such honor to the memory of Hawkwood the freebooter. In truth, however, Hawkwood was very far from being a mere freebooter; was, indeed, nothing less, again to use Hallam's phrase, than the first real general of modern Europe.

As surely as Dante closes the epoch of minstrelsy and troubadour song and opens that of modern poesy, so surely does Hawkwood close the epoch of chivalry and open that of modern scientific war-However rude his strategy, the fact remains that he knew how to win a victory

the enemy, and at last compelled them to | courage or fortitude, that in planning an attack or selecting a position for defence he seized with "vulpine astuteness" any advantage which chance or circumstance or the natural features of the country or the time of day could afford. At Cascina he first wore the enemy out by a succession of feigned attacks, and then delivered his assault when they least expected it, late in the afternoon, and at a point where the rays of the sinking sun struck and the evening breeze carried the dust full in their faces; at Castagnaro he chose with the keen eye of a general a position admirably adapted both for defence and for attack; at Paterno Fasolaro he lulled the enemy into security, and then burst upon them with the suddenness and fury of a whirlwind. These qualities, together with his masterly conduct of the entire retreat from Pandino, effectually distinguish him from the peers and paladins of the Middle Ages, and mark him out as the forerunner of the great strategists of modern times.

How long Hawkwood's remains rested in the Duomo is not clear; it is certain, however, that Lady Hawkwood entertained the idea of transferring them to England, to which end she obtained in 1395 from Richard II. a letter to the Florentine government, requesting the necessary permission. It was granted, and, as she had already realized her husband's estates, it is not improbable that she carried out her

intention.

The contemporary chronicler, Minerbetti, in describing Hawkwood's funeral, mentions his "very numerous family" as taking part in the procession. As, however, he had by Donnina no more than four children - viz., one son, John, and three daughters, Janet, Catherine, and Anne it is clear that other children of his, whether legitimate or not, must also have been present. We have seen, in connection with the revolt of Bologna, that he had then two sons, though of their subsequent history we know nothing. We also read of a daughter, named Antiocha, married as early as 1387 to Sir William Coggeshal, then resident at Milan, but who afterwards returned to Essex, and lived the life of a country gentleman on his ancestral estate of Codham Hall; of another daughter, named Fiorentina, married to a Milanese noble, Lancellotto del Mayno; and a third, Beatrice, wife of John Shelley, M.P. for Rye between 1415 and 1423, and an ancestor of the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley; but who may have been the mother of these children, or whether or avert a defeat by other means than mere she was Hawkwood's lawful wife, or only his mistress, remains at present wholly pears, presented themselves one day at uncertain.

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Of his children by Donnina we know only that the two elder daughters were married in his lifetime, Janet to Brezaglia, son of Count Lodovico di Porciglia, commander of the Bolognese forces, podestà of Ferrara, and for a brief period after Hawkwood's death commander of the Florentine forces; Catherine, to Conrad Prospergh, a German condottiero, who had served under Hawkwood in his last campaign, and received the honor of knighthood from him; and that the third daughter, Anne, married after Hawkwood's death, Ambrogiuolo di Piero della Torre of Milan; while his son John came home to England, lived quietly on the ancestral estate at Hedingham Sibil, and died without male issue. The manor still retains the name of Hawkwoods, and in the parish are to be seen the ruinous remains of a cenotaph, bearing the Hawkwood arms, a falcon flying between two trees, placed there soon after the death of the great condottiero by some of his friends, but no one of the name has since achieved distinction in any line. We leave it to the speculators in heredity to determine whether Shelley may have been indebted in any measure for the ardor and passionateness, the insurgent energy of his temperament, so strangely unlike that of the race of hard-drinking, commonplace country squires from whom he sprang, to his far-off descent from the fourteenth-century free lance and his Italian wife.

Of Hawkwood's private life and character we have not the materials to form a We ask in vain what sort of a husband and father he was, what were the recreations of his leisure hours, his religious opinions, his inner personal characteristics. Physically, however, if the portrait by Paolo Uccello is to be trusted and there seems no reason to doubt its substantial fidelity - Hawkwood seems to have come near to realizing the perfect type of the warrior. Somewhat above the middle height without being exactly tall, deep-chested and broad-shouldered, his figure, as he sits erect upon his powerful charger, seems to combine in an unusual degree the qualities of agility and strength. The features are handsome, the forehead massive, the eyes large, the nose straight as a Plantagenet king's, the clean-shaven mouth and chin finely, even delicately, moulded. An anecdote related by Sacchetti gives pleasant evidence that he was not without a touch of true English humor. Some mendicant friars, it ap-

pears, presented themselves one day at his castle of Montecchio in the Aretino, and prefaced their prayer for alms with the customary "God give you peace." Hawkwood promptly replied, "God take away your alms." The friars in confusion protested that they meant no offence, to which Hawkwood rejoined, "How so, when you come to me and pray God to make me die of hunger? Know you not that I live by war, and that peace would undo me? and as I live by war, so do you live by alms; so that my answer was of a piece with your greeting." So the friars, being provided with no repartee, took their leave without their alms. Probably Hawkwood was no friend to the clergy; indeed, the condottieri generally seem to have had remarkably little respect for the Church or fear of its spiritual arms.

The castle of Montecchio mentioned by Sacchetti was situate in the Val di Chiano near Cortona, and Hawkwood's possession, with some minor adjacent fortresses, about 1384. Here he kept the state of a feudal baron, as he had previously done at Bagnacavallo and Cotignola in Romagna. The latter places, however, were much coveted by his neighbor, Astorre Manfredi of Faenza, with whom he was constantly engaged either in litigation or open warfare on their account. He accordingly ceded them to the Marquis of Este for sixty thousand ducats in 1381. Montecchio, however, remained in his possession until his death, and was afterwards sold by Lady Hawkwood to the Florentine government. All three places continued to be of considerable military importance for some centuries. Cotignola had been strongly fortified by Hawkwood, but of its works nothing now remains but a single circular tower, designed as a lookout. Montecchio, though ruinous, is in better preservation, and still presents an imposing and picturesque appearance, its square bastioned walls only partially dismantled, and its shattered tower, crowning a pine and olive clad hill, commanding a fine view across the Val di Chiano to Monte Amiata and Lake Trasimene. Messrs. Temple Leader and Marcotti tell us that its present owner is engaged in partially restoring the fortress. Let us hope that the work will be done judiciously, and that this interesting monument of mediæval military architecture may long preserve the memory of our adventurous countryman.

In the foregoing pages we have perforce confined ourselves to the most salient points in Hawkwood's career, and have treated him almost exclusively as a man of action. There is not wanting evidence, however, that he had another side to his character—that he was not merely a man of action, but also a man of affairs. The evidence is somewhat scanty, but, nevertheless, decisive. It is clear from the chronicles that it was he that was primarily concerned in the negotiations which led to the congress of Sarzana in 1378, and in Rymer's "Fœdera" are documents, curiously overlooked by Messrs. Temple Leader and Marcotti, which show that during the latter part of his career he was accredited by Richard II. as ambassador to the Holy See, the republic of Florence, the kingdom of Naples, and most of the

Italian States. The same authority also furnishes us with a commission granted him by the English king in 1386 to settle the affairs of Provence, then in utter anarchy, and in which Richard as Duke of Aquitaine conceived himself to be interested. These clues have never been followed up. We have ourselves made some slight attempt in that direction, but with no result. We have not even been able to discover whether he actually went to Provence or not, nor have we found any traces of his diplomatic activities in Italy. It would seem, however, highly improbable that the archives of the principal Italian cities, if properly ransacked, should entirely fail to furnish some information on these points; and it will be reserved for some future biographer of Hawkwood to make the matter the subject of special research. Meanwhile we must be thankful to Messrs. Temple Leader and Marcotti for the rich present they have made us. We could wish, indeed, that clearer indications had been given from time to time of the state of Italian politics, so far as it determined or helped Hawkwood's action; that the style had been a trifle less diffuse, and that the citation of authorities were more accurate. It is curious, for example, to be referred to Muratori's "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores" for Ghirardacci's "Storia Bolognese," to Weever's "History of Essex" and to Morant's "Ancient Funeral Monuments." But these are minor matters; the text is, for the most part, substantially accurate throughout, and on the whole, the work is one of which its authors may well be proud. While we write a translation is announced, in which the minor blemishes to which we have referred will doubtless have been removed. We trust that in its English form it may have many English readers.

From Murray's Magazine.
MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.
AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," BTC.

CHAPTER V.

MR. ARCHDALE IS SATISFIED.

ARCHDALE was spoken of by his friends as the most fortunate man in England. They had reasons which seemed to be sufficient for calling him so, and he had, at any rate, one great advantage over the general run of fortunate men in that he fully recognized and appreciated the fact of his good fortune. All his life long he had had things very much his own way; he had never wished for anything without getting it, so that he had come to regard immunity from disappointment as a sort of prerogative, and took it for granted that he would succeed in any enterprise which he might think it worth while to undertake. No doubt this happy self-confidence had contributed not a little to his unvarying success. Handsome, pleasant-mannered, and always at his ease, he had readily made his way into the best society obtainable, wherever he had been; he had been universally liked and a good deal loved; as he had no near relations nor anybody's convenience to consult, save his own, he had wandered over many foreign lands and had derived much amusement from his cosmopolitan experiences. It is true that he had habitually lived beyond his income and that at the end of eight years he had very nearly exhausted the comfortable little fortune which he had inherited from his father; but just as this was becoming a source of anxiety to him he had turned his artistic talents to account and had achieved a reputation which would have astonished nobody more than himself, had he not felt persuaded that this was due rather to the influence of his lucky star than to his skill or industry.

Nevertheless, he was skilful. He was also industrious, in the sense that he took great pains with his work and brought exquisite accuracy to bear upon the finish of details; but in no other sense. He was constitutionally indolent; he hated to begin anything new, and his fellow-laborers produced, on an average, half-a-dozen pictures in the time that it took him to produce one. Very likely this deliberation may have enhanced the price and even the value of his handiwork; but it was not for that reason that he spent so many hours contentedly in smoking cigarettes and

ing nothing - fonder, perhaps, of that than of anything else in the world, except making love. The latter amusement is doubtless agreeable to the generality of mortals; only for most of us its delights are considerably marred by reason of the uncertainties and anxieties by which it is beset. With such drawbacks the fortunate Cecil Archdale had no acquaintance. women with whom he fell in love invariably fell in love with him, and what was better still was that his numerous philanderings never led to serious or painful consequences. "These things die a natural death," he was wont to say. " It seems a pity that they should; but perhaps it would be a still greater pity if they didn't. I can't imagine a more awful fate than having to spend one's life with a person whom one had once adored and couldn't manage to adore any longer."

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By good luck or good guidance he had steered clear of any such fate. Moreover, he had steered clear of conceit or affectation; and this was generally held to be creditable to him. If he believed himself to be irresistible, his belief had the support of a tolerably large experience. In truth he had little feeling of personal vanity in the matter; only a deeply rooted conviction that it was not his destiny to love in vain. He was perfectly sincere when he told Lady Wetherby that he had fallen desperately in love with her friend Mrs. Brett; he was also quite sure that a delicate betrayal of his sentiments to Mrs. Brett herself would do neither her nor him any harm. His passions were too ephemeral for any harm to come of them. What usually came of them was a pleasant interview or two, a few enjoyable dances, perhaps the interchange of certain phrases which were not meant to be taken too literally, and then a gradual cooling off, brought about by the discovery of a substitute.

One afternoon, soon after Lady Wetherby's dinner-party, he was reclining upon a divan in the comfortable chambers near St. James's Street where he had set up his studio, and was expatiating to a friend of his upon the charms of the lady who had captivated him.

"It isn't only that she is beautiful," he was saying; "beauty isn't really rare, and when all is said and done, it is never mere beauty of face or form that appeals to one. But Mrs. Brett is rare, distinctly rare. She is a woman of the world to her finger-tips; and yet there is something about her, I don't know how to describe it was noticeable that those whom he chose

doing nothing. He was very fond of do- it, a sort of innocent hardihood which ing nothing — fonder, perhaps, of that than makes one long to —— "

"To kiss her?" suggested the friend.

"Drake, you are no better than the beasts that perish! I wasn't going to say anything of that sort; I was going to say that it made one long to warn her how dangerous it is to be hardy, even though one may be as innocent as an infant. Most men—you, for instance—entirely misunderstand such women."

"I suppose you understand Mrs. Brett perfectly, don't you?"

"Not at all; I understand her very imperfectly as yet. But I have sense enough to understand that she is as good as she is charming, and that when she shows herself kindly disposed towards a humble artist it isn't because she thinks it might amuse her to get up a flirtation with him."

"In other words, it is because she has really fallen a victim to the fascinations of the humble artist. Well, I dare say she has; I have observed that they generally do. Poor Mr. Brett!"

Archdale swung his legs off the sofa, faced his interlocutor and made an impatient gesture. "I really don't see why you should pity Mr. Brett," he said. "I have made some inquiries about him, and I have heard just what I expected to hear. He is a dry, solemn, cold-hearted old lawyer; he neglects his wife, and he doesn't care a little hang whether she is happy or miserable. If you imagine that I shall ever have the honor of causing him a moment's anxiety, that is because you don't know much about either him or me. But you are hopelessly material, Drake; you haven't a particle of romance or refinement in the whole of your great, hulking carcase.

The individual addressed did not appear to resent this uncomplimentary description of himself. He only laughed and said that people afflicted with hulking carcases could not be expected to be refined or romantic. He was a middle-aged man, tall, stout, and loosely built; his hair was turning grey at the temples; his mous-tache, it might be surmised, would also have been grey, had not artificial means been resorted to to obliterate the footprints of time. He looked good-natured, as indeed he was, and a practised observer would have guessed that he was not vexed by any rigid code of morality. Alfred Drake had more friends than perhaps he deserved to have. He passed for a good fellow and was not a very bad one; though

another. Cecil Archdale, who had already been of some service to him, would, he hoped, he of service to him again. In fact, that was why he was now listening so patiently to the praises of a lady whom he neither knew nor was ambitious of knowing. By way of summing up the subject and changing it, he remarked presently, -

"Well, I won't pity Mr. Brett if you had rather I didn't; but I will make so bold as to congratulate you. It's a fine thing to be the rising artist of the day, and it isn't so bad to be young and goodlooking and rich. As for me, I am resigned to being rather old and rather ugly; but I am not altogether resigned to being confoundedly poor. Therefore, my dear Archdale, I wish with all my heart that I were you."

"Oh, I'm not rich," said Archdale.

"Are you rich enough to lend a couple of hundred to a distressed friend for a few weeks?" inquired the other smilingly. "If you are, the distressed one would sleep comfortably to night and would remember you in his prayers before turning in."

Perhaps it was because he obtained without any difficulty a sum which he had not the smallest prospect of being able to repay, that Mr. Drake felt bound to make some immediate return for what he had received. For obvious reasons, he could not present his generous friend with anything expensive, but he could bestow something valuable upon him, in the shape of excellent advice, and this he did not

"Look here, Archdale," said he, as he rose from his chair, "if I were you I'd drop these little games. You'll burn your fingers some fine day, my boy. I dare say I'm coarse and material and all the rest of it; but that's just what circumstances very often are, and a precious awkward circumstance it will be for you to have a married woman rushing in here to tell you that she has quarrelled with her husband and come to throw herself upon your protection."

"Oh, go away!" exclaimed the young artist, laughing; "the only excuse for you is that you don't know what you are talking about."

Mr. Drake, having obtained the object of his visit, went away willingly enough; and shortly after his departure, Archdale, in no wise disturbed by the warning which had been addressed to him, sauntered

for his friends were people who were likely for Lady Wetherby. However, when he to be of service to him in one way or reached St. George's Place, he did not content himself with ringing the bell and pushing his card into the letter-box, after the unceremonious fashion affected by modern young men, but duly waited until the door was opened, and then asked whether Lady Wetherby was at home. Her ladyship, he was informed, was at home; and presently he was received with the kindliness which her ladyship was accustomed to extend impartially to the just and to the unjust. He suspected that he was not altogether approved of by Lady Wetherby; but he felt sure that, by taking a little trouble, he could overcome any prejudice that she might have conceived against him, and he was desirous just now of securing her good opinion. Therefore he did not at once begin to talk about Mrs. Brett, but discussed a number of other persons in whom he was not greatly interested, and found something pleasant to say about all of them; so that eventually it was his hostess, not he, who introduced the subject upon which he wished for further information.

"I hope," said she, "that you didn't believe what Wetherby told you the other night about Marcia Brett. Of course you were only joking when you spoke of having fallen in love with her; but it is better not to say such things even in joke, I think, and I was sorry afterwards that I had called her husband cantankerous. The poor man has been very unfortunate, and his misfortunes have soured him, and he has bad health; but I believe Marcia is just as fond of him now as she was when she married him."

"And was she very fond of him then?" "I don't know what other reason she could have had for accepting him. might easily have made a more brilliant match."

"He doesn't treat her over and above well, they say. But it's no business of mine, and I won't proclaim that I am in love with her again if you disapprove of it, Lady Wetherby. Still there is no objection to my cultivating her friendship, I presume."

Notwithstanding the pains at which he had been to conciliate her, this young man appeared to Lady Wetherby to be forward and rather ill-bred. She imagined that she was inflicting quite a severe rebuke upon him when she replied: "I really don't think that I have the right to object to any proceeding of yours, Mr. Archdale. I should require to know you much out with the intention of leaving a card more intimately than I do before I could take such a liberty. I only did not wish | policeman came up and made a great fuss you or anybody else to jump to mistaken conclusions about a very old friend of mine.'

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He rejoined, without a symptom of the shamefacedness which would have been becoming, "I assure you I haven't jumped to any conclusions at all about Mrs. Brett. As you say, one must know people intimately before one can venture upon such liberties; but I suppose there is no harm in my wishing to know her more inti-

Lady Wetherby was not so sure of that. However, she was precluded from giving utterance to her views by the entrance of Mrs. Brett herself, who was now announced, and who, after embracing her friend, shook hands very cordially with Mr. Archdale.

Marcia was in excellent spirits that day. She was wearing a new frock which fitted her to perfection - always an exhilarating circumstance; she had just come from an afternoon assembly at which many pretty things had been said to her, and she had not seen her husband for twenty-four hours. She knew that she was looking her best, and very likely it was not displeasing to her that she should be studied under that aspect by an artist of discriminating taste.

However that may have been, she did not give the discriminating artist much chance of conversing with her. seemed to become oblivious of his presence after she had greeted him, and half turned her back upon him while she chat-Wetherby upon topics ted with Lady which scarcely afforded an excuse for intervention on the part of a male listener. What did he know about the size and shape of bonnets and the all-important question of whether it was or was not true that the Princess of Wales had set her face against the introduction of those which were being worn in Paris? Nevertheless, he knew (for his eyes were sharp and his wits were quick) that Mrs. Brett's attention was not so completely taken up with these matters as to render her unconscious of his admiring gaze. It was not until Lady Wetherby asked some casual question about Willie, that her manner suddenly changed and she appeared really to forget that there was a third person in

"Oh, he is flourishing," she said, "he is always flourishing, I am thankful to say. Do you know what he did this morning? He actually went and jumped his pony over the railings in Regent's Park, and a

and had to be tipped. I don't believe Willie knows what fear is!"

"Well, that is a very good thing," said Lady Wetherby good-humoredly; "but I should think he must be getting a little too much for Miss Wells, isn't he? When are you going to send him to school?"

Marcia's face fell. "Oh, I don't know," she answered; "please don't talk about it. It will break my heart when they take him away from me."

"It is a wrench, of course," Lady Wetherby agreed; but sooner or later it has to be faced. Our boy goes to a preparatory school in the autumn, and in two or three years he will be at Eton, I suppose. I hope you mean Willie to be an Etonian?'

"Yes," answered Marcia, with a sigh, "I believe that is decided upon. It isn't so much the thought of Eton that I dread as of that horrid preparatory place. I won-der whether it is really necessary! I often ask men about their boyhood, and they invariably tell me that they were happy when they went to a public school and miserable at the private one which came before it." Then she abruptly wheeled round and appealed to Archdale. "What round and appealed to Archdale. 'was your experience?" she asked.

"Oh, I got on well enough at both schools, as far as I remember," he replied. "A little acquaintance with adversity isn't a bad thing for a boy, Mrs. Brett; though I dare say you'll call me hard-hearted for Besides, if your boy has good saying so. health and is plucky, as you say he is, he'll take care of himself."

And as, at this moment, two other visitors were announced who drew off Lady Wetherby's attention, he was able to pull his chair a little closer to Mrs. Brett's and to inquire, " Are you so intensely devoted to this son of yours?"

"More than to everybody else in the world put together," Marcia replied em-phatically. "He is everything to me and he always will be. But I shall not be everything to him when once he has left the nest, you see. That is really why I hate to think of his going to school. I am not afraid of his being bullied; because I

am sure he wouldn't stand that."
"Then," said Archdale, with a laugh and a slight shrug of his shoulders, "since the thing is as inevitable as death, and since you hate thinking about it, let us think about something else. Will you be present at Lady Hampstead's pastoral play to-morrow by any chance?"

"Yes, I shall be there if it doesn't rain," answered Marcia. "And you?"

"Oh, I shall be there, even if it does. I have been helping her with her arrangements and costumes and so forth, and I shall expect you to pat me on the back if the thing turns out a success."

"It is sure to be a success; but shall I be allowed an opportunity of congratulating you? Won't you be concealed somewhere up a tree, directing the operations?"

"Very likely I shall; I don't quite know what is going to be done with me. But you won't rush away the moment that the play is over, will you?"

"Not unless I am obliged. I shall have to be home in time to dress for dinner, though. And that reminds me that I ought to be at home now."

She gave him her hand once more and smiled pleasantly at him; so that he left the house soon afterwards in a contented mood. The beautiful Mrs. Brett had not, it was true, displayed anything more than friendliness towards him; but as be was not an unreasonable man, he was satisfied with that and with the prospect of meeting her again so soon. The only thing that had jarred a little upon him was the inordinate affection which she had professed for that embryo schoolboy. It was quite right and proper that she should be fond of her child, since she had a child; but he would have been better pleased if she had had none. He wanted to think of her as a woman who was thoroughly unhappy at home, and he did not want to think of her as cherishing an inordinate affection for any human being.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY HAMPSTEAD'S GARDEN-PARTY.

IT was Marcia's habit to breakfast in her bedroom, and it was Mr. Brett's habit to dispose of the first meal of the day in the dining-room, all by himself. The system is one which may safely be recommended to couples who are not in close sympathy with one another and which is not to be despised even by lovers; for intercourse is always perilous at an hour when nine people out of ten feel both cross and stupid. However, Marcia always broke through her rule on Tuesday mornings, when the weekly bills came in, and when her husband, who insisted upon having the tradesmen's books submitted to him, was accustomed to hand her over the housekeeping money, sweetened by remarks upon the prodigality of the cook. The day following that treated of in the last chapter

happened to be a Tuesday, and, as usual, she hastened down-stairs to receive her cheque; but, although the bills were somewhat higher than they ought to have been, Mr. Brett had no disagreeable comments to make upon that circumstance. She found him standing by his writing-table with his hat on, and as he held out the slip of paper which he had already signed, he said, —

"Isn't it to-day that Lady Hampstead has a garden-party? — a sort of out-door theatrical performance, or something of that kind?"

"Yes, it is to-day," answered Marcia.
"You won't come with me, of course."

"I will try to be at home in time to accompany you. If I am not, you need not wait for me; but in all probability I shall be able to manage it."

She knew him well enough to know what this meant. He was one of the most conscientious of men; he had been thinking over what she had said to him about his abstention from social gatherings, and he had come to the conclusion that there was something to be urged in favor of her view of her husband's duties. Therefore he was now about to make a martyr of himself after a fashion which was especially distasteful to him.

"Please don't come to Lady Hampstead's on my account," she said; "you won't enjoy yourself, and, if you will excuse my saying so, you may remain away without being missed. It is only at dinner-parties that I am asked what has become of my husband; in the crowds nobody knows who is there and who isn't."

But he answered in his cold, deliberate way, "I think I ought sometimes to remind your friends that you are not yet a widow. My avocations will not allow me to frequent society regularly; but I have it in my power to take a half-holiday occasionally, and I propose to take one this afternoon."

It cannot be said that she was particularly anxious for his escort—he had taught her to do without that—but she was willing to submit to it, and at the appointed hour he was waiting for her in the hall, with a flower in his button-hole and a new pair of gloves in his hand.

Lady Hampstead, who owned a villa with extensive grounds in one of the suburbs of London, was the first to start a species of sylvan entertainment which has since become fashionable. Of course it is not nearly as comfortable to witness a drama in the open air as within four walls (where at least, if one is not free from

draughts, one can keep one's feet dry and hear something of what the actors are saying); still anything in the shape of a novelty is always welcome, and royalty patronized Lady Hampstead, and her gardens were prettily laid out. Marcia, after a long, weary drive, in the course of which very few remarks were interchanged, was glad to find herself among a host of friends, and if she did not pay much attention to the performance which was being enacted before her, she admired the brightness and color of the whole scene, while she was relieved to notice that Eustace had joined a knot of legal luminaries, who appeared to be entertaining him with that class of anecdote which appeals to the legal sense of humor and to nobody else's.

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The representation was not so lengthy as had been apprehended by some of the audience or as the actors could have desired; for Lady Hampstead, who was aware that when several hundred people meet, their main object is to talk to one another, had instructed her stage-manager to cut out as much dialogue as could possibly be dispensed with, and that gentleman, having reasons of his own for wishing to be expeditious, obeyed her faithfully. As soon as he could escape from the compliments which greeted him after the company had broken up into groups, he made his way towards Mrs. Brett and expressed a hope that she had not been very much bored.

"Of course I haven't," she answered, smiling; "I don't think I ever saw anything so pretty. Besides, it is almost impossible to bore me."

He raised his eyebrows. "What a delightful person you must be to live with!" he remarked.

"Oh, that is another matter; what I meant was that anything in the shape of amusement is pretty sure to amuse me. At home I am occasionally morose. But then I am not very much at home at this

time of year." "I think your tastes must be a good deal like mine," said Archdale. "It seems to me that life is a thing to be enjoyed so long as enjoyment is possible. When one isn't enjoying oneself one is wasting invaluable hours which will never return."

"Yes," agreed Marcia meditatively; "but the question is whether we ought not to find enjoyment in the family circle."

"Oh, nobody ever can be happy merely because he thinks he ought to be happy. We can all do our duty, I suppose; but no power, human or divine, can make us imagine it is more pleasant to do it than asked Mr. Brett, who had his watch in LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 3578

not. Individually, I find that I am never quite so happy as when I am doing something that is a little bit wrong; not very wrong, you know, only slightly so." He added, with the air of one who has suddenly made an interesting discovery: "Do you know I am rather happy at the present moment?"

"Well, you are doing nothing wrong at the present moment," returned Marcia, laughing somewhat nervously; "it isn't

wrong to be talking to me, I hope?"
He glanced at her and sighed and laughed also. "I hope not," he answered.

Of course she understood what he did not say. That kind of thing had been said to her, or hinted at, many and many a time before, but it had never before, that she could remember, made her blush. She was annoyed with herself for blushing, and still more annoyed with him for keeping his eyes upon her face when he ought to have averted them. To show him that the phenomenon which he had witnessed was due to purely physical causes, and that it was not really in his power to disconcert her, she said, "Why have you never been to call upon us, Mr. Archdale? I wanted to introduce you to my husband, who, I am sure, would be glad to make your acquaintance."

Cecil Archdale was not quite a gentleman, though he was a very passable imitation of one. His reply was, "I shall be only too delighted to call upon you; but I am afraid I can't pretend that, when I do call, it will be for the pleasure of making Mr. Brett's acquaintance."

The atrocious bad taste of this speech did not offend Marcia; she knew that her husband was not popular with other men, and she thought that his unpopularity was deserved. She said, "Eustace is clever, and can be agreeable when he chooses. He doesn't, as a rule, like my friends, because my friends, as a rule, are not clever people; but I think he would like you, and possibly you might like him. Perhaps you would come and dine quietly with us some evening. Are you doing anything next Sunday?"

Archdale replied that he believed he had an engagement, but that he could easily get rid of it; and while Marcia was protesting that he must not think of throwing anybody over for the dull little gathering which was all that she could offer him, her husband came up behind her and

touched her elbow. "Is it not time for us to be going?" his hand. "Don't hurry away on my thing worth living for? - what a view to account, only I understood you to say that you wished to be at home soon after seven o'clock."

Marcia started, and, to her great vexation, found herself blushing again. "I am quite ready," she answered quickly. Then as Mr. Brett was turning on his heel, "Eustace," she said, "I want to introduce you to Mr. Archdale. Mr. Archdale has been kind enough to give me a half promise that he will dine with us on Sunday."

"Oh, it was a whole promise," the young artist declared; "and it will certainly be

Mr. Brett raised his hat and surveyed the stranger coldly. "I am glad to hear that," said he, without looking glad. " I do not approve of Sunday dinner-parties because, in a small establishment like ours, I think the servants should be allowed one day of rest in the week; but I am told that they are unavoidable.'

"It won't be a party, Eustace," inter-

rupted Marcia. "Oh! Still I presume that the servants will have to work as hard as if it were."

Marcia bit her lips and looked down, while Archdale, inwardly amused, wondered whether he ought to withdraw his acceptance of the invitation, and so relieve Mr. Brett's servants of a portion of their labor. But the latter gentleman, who may have felt that he had been a little uncivil, resumed, "Party or no party, we shall be very pleased to see you, Mr. Archdale, if you will honor us so far. I have been a humble admirer of your pictures for some time past."

There was an ironical inflection in his voice which did not escape Archdale, who answered good-humoredly enough, "My pictures are anything but admirable, as I dare say you know. It really isn't my fault if they are generally admired. I should have given up painting long ago but for the sordid consideration that I make my living by it."

"That is a very good reason for persevering with your occupation," observed Mr. Brett gravely. "Not every man can be a genius, but every man can work for his living. Indeed," he added with a sigh, "work is the only thing worth living for."

He was thinking of himself, not of his interlocutor, and was quite unconscious of having said anything rude; but his words chanced to irritate both his wife and her friend, who exchanged a quick glance while he was speaking. Work the only sure it had been inflicted deliberately. It

take of existence!

"Is the carriage there?" asked Marcia, in a tone of impatient resignation, with which her husband was only too familiar. "If it is, we may as well go now."

Mr. Brett extended a thin, dry hand to the artist. "We will expect you on Sunday, then," said he.

"Thanks," answered Archdale briefly; and perhaps if he had been discreet or even well-bred, he would not have drawn Mrs. Brett aside a few paces and whispered laughingly, "It seems that I am not quite clever enough, and that I must be content to take my place amongst your other friends. Well, I don't think I very much mind."

Marcia responded by a slight grimace, the meaning of which was open to various Leaving Archdale interpretations. place what construction he might please upon it, she walked quickly across the grass to say good-bye to her hostess, Mr. Brett following her at a slower pace.

After she had seated herself in the victoria beside her husband, and was being driven back towards London, she remained silent for some little time, while he also was apparently pre-occupied with his own reflections. But at length, although she knew that it would have been much wiser to hold her peace, she could not help asking, "Had you any particular reason for being rude to Mr. Archdale, Eustace?'

"I am not aware of having been rude to him," Mr. Brett replied tranquilly. what way was I rude?"

"It is scarcely polite to tell a man he is not a genius."

"Really, I think it would have been scarcely polite to tell him that he was; if I had done that, he would surely have had sense enough to suspect me of laughing at him.'

"Oh, I doubt whether anybody would ever suspect you of laughing. Mr. Archdale may not be a genius, and he may know that he isn't, but I don't see what necessity there was for calling his attention to a fact which he hadn't denied. I suppose you would think it a little rude of a stranger to tell you emphatically that you were not handsome."

Mr. Brett winced perceptibly. course, he was not handsome, and perhaps at his age it would not have made much difference if he had been. Nevertheless she had hit him on the raw, and what made the cut smart more was that he felt was not often that Marcia made such | speeches, but when she did, the effect was always to make him wish himself dead. But he answered, without apparent emo-

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"I am sorry if I inadvertently hurt your friend's feelings; I ought to have remembered that artists are apt to be sensitive. Naturally, I could have no motive for wishing to affront him, since I neither know nor care to know anything in the world about the man."

"That means that you have taken a dislike to him. I wonder why?"

"I confess that he did not impress me favorably," answered Mr. Brett, with de-liberation. "His manners did not strike me as those of a gentleman."

He only said what he thought — and for the matter of that, his impression was perfectly accurate - but Marcia not unnaturally imagined that he had selected intentionally the kind of criticism which was most certain to annoy her. "Different people have different ideas of what a gentleman's manners ought to be, I suppose," she rejoined. "I should have thought that he might have complained of yours, and that you had not very much to complain of in his."

"I am probably old-fashioned," said her husband. "When I was a child I was taught that it was bad manners to whisper; but no doubt you have changed all that."

Marcia, having no adequate retort ready, threw herself back in the carriage and gazed at the misty landscape. It was beautiful summer weather; but beautiful summer weather in the neighborhood of London usually implies a point or two of east in the wind and a consequent indistinctness of distant outlines. She was thinking to herself that she was very tired of London, and that everybody was more or less of a bore, and that her husband was the most disagreeable man of her acquaintance, and that she would like to go somewhere far, far away with Willie and begin a new life, from which petty snappings and bickerings should be eliminated, when the harsh sound of Mr. Brett's voice recalled her once more to actualities.

"For some time past," said he, and he spoke as if what he had to say was a very ordinary matter, "I have been making inquiries about a preparatory school for Willie, and I have now heard of one near Farnborough which seems to be satisfactory in all respects. Perhaps you will tell Miss Wells that her services will be no

glad for her to remain with us until she can find some fresh employment."

Marcia turned white. She had known that her boy must shortly be taken from her, but she had supposed that she would at least be consulted before any definite arrangement was made, and she had not imagined that Mr. Brett was interesting himself at all in the matter.

"You might have told me before!" she exclaimed, catching her breath. And then with a slight air of relief, "Of course, he

can't go to school until the autumn now?" "Well, yes," resumed Mr. Brett; "it so chances that there is a vacancy at present, and I find that there will be no objection to his being received in about a fortnight's time." He added, for Marcia's face of consternation touched him, though he did not appear to be touched: "Believe me, it is better for you and for him that the separation should be accomplished quickly. I can understand that it is painful for a mother to part with her only child: nevertheless, what is right and necessary must be done, and the less hesitation there is about doing it the less suffering there will be. I am not sure whether you will take my word for it that I have conducted these negotiations privately in order to spare you, but such is the fact."

"You always show so much delicate consideration for my feelings that I haven't the slightest difficulty about taking your word in this instance," answered Marcia bitterly.

He did not defend himself, nor indeed would it have been worth his while to attempt so hopeless a task; for nothing could have shaken his wife's conviction that he had acted as he had done out of sheer malignancy. She fully recognized that he was master and that it was for him to decide how his son's education should be conducted; but it is only a very bad master who rules by cracking the whip, and if such a one fancies that he will be loved by his subordinates, he knows little of human nature. At that moment Marcia hated her husband; and although it is possible that she may have hated him before, she had never admitted as much to herself. She had now, she thought, a good reason for hating him; it may be that she was not altogether sorry to be so equipped.

However, she did not say much; she was, in truth, too miserable to indulge in useless recriminations. Her chief desire was to keep herself from crying; for she longer required, although I shall be very did not want the man to know how much

he had hurt her. But, when she once had | got rid of him, there was no reason why she should not cry to her heart's content; and even the fear of appearing at a dinnerparty with a red nose did not deter her from giving way to her emotions as soon as she was safely in her bedroom, with the door locked. And how could she leave the house without telling Willie the dreadful It gave the poor woman a sharp news? pain at her heart to find that the news was not so very dreadful to Willie, after all. He was a little startled when he heard how soon he was to be launched forth into the world and left to fight his own battles; but he did not much mind going to school all boys went to school.

"And I shall come home for the holidays, you know," he added consolingly; for he seemed to have a precocious comprehension of the fact that his mother was one who rather stood in need of protection than was capable of affording it.

He did not, and could not, understand the kind of protection which she required, but possibly she did; for she exclaimed in accents of despair, "Yes, you will come back, my own dear! But you will not be the same again, it isn't possible! And, when I get home at night and your room is empty, and my boy is gone from me forever, I don't know - oh, I don't know what will become of me!"

From Good Words. BROWNING AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER. BY R. H. HUTTON.

In some ways the great man whom we have so lately lost was even more considerable as a religious teacher than as a poet. As a poet he was defective in charm. With all his wonderful insight his voice was often harsh, and seldom really musical, though now and again he struck into a really musical chaunt. In his brusque intellectual gestures he seemed to be rather an eccentric watchman, calling attention to what the world ignored, than filling it with a new harmony. In reality, however, he was a spiritual teacher disguised as a man of the world; and a very shrewd, and sometimes shrill, man of the world, like Lord Jeffrey with access to imaginative and moral depths that Lord Jeffrey knew nothing about. No one could by any possibility have mistaken Mr. Browning for one of a consecrated order; he had not even the consciousness of nature's consecration in his manner, as | vigor in any poem of any age or country -

many poets have had. On the contrary he wished to take every opportunity of proclaiming himself unconsecrated and unconventional to the last extreme; indeed, determined to pitch his voice exactly at the note that suited his own immediate humor, whether that derogated from his dignity or not. He was like some of the minor prophets in his roughness, but he had none of their solemnity. His manner was that of a shrewd citizen of the world, and, though he adopted verse as his medium of speech, he did so rather to show how familiar he could make it, than how much it added to the depth or compass of his utterance. And yet though his manner was thus familiar, and sometimes one might say almost rude, he scarcely ever spoke without bringing home to the listener matter of the most deep and solemn import. He was the true lay preacher, and so much of a layman that it was difficult to catch the idea that he was preaching after all. He did not wish to catch the temper of the preacher, and never did; but he cried aloud and spared not to tell men, in his own peculiar fashion, of their grossness and of their transgressions, and

of the only source of hope.

But he did this in his own way, and a very singular way it was. The first lesson he is always teaching is the curious irreligiousness of a great many religious people. Indeed, a very superficial acquaintance with Browning might give the impression that he was a cynic. What can be more cynical in effect than that wonderful picture of the monk of the Spanish cloister, who detests his superior and the meek, innocent tastes of that superior, with a malignity, of which it seems impossible to sound the depth, and who yet blends that malignity with a fierce self-approving orthodoxy which enables him to feel the self-satisfaction of superior piety? The virus of deadly hatred pervades the soliloquy from beginning to end, and yet it is as full as it can hold of superstitious faith. The reader who reads that soliloguy for the first time with its climax of scornful malediction, "g-r-r-r you swine," would think that the drift of the poet was to paint conventual life as one long hypocrisy. But if he goes deeper he sees that it is nothing of the sort, that Browning frequently discerns as much ardent piety under the cowl as he does at times superstitious malice. Again, if one takes up carelessly "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," and reading the mar-vellous description—seldom equalled for

of the few Methodists who come into the little Bethel where the supposed writer of the poem takes shelter from the December storm, one imagines at first that Browning was doing his best to expose the utter hollowness of this particular form of fanat-Yet no one who reads the poem through can doubt for a moment that while he puts the ugliness, and the weakness, and the narrowness of this kind of faith in the front of the battle, he means to depict the feeble spiritual flame that is struggling upwards through this confused, and smothering and smoky mass of combustibles, quite as distinctly as he suggests the "wood, hay, and stubble," which has to be burned away :-

Well, from the road, the lanes or the com-

In came the flock: the fat weary woman, Panting and bewildered, down clapping Her umbrella with a mighty report, Grounded it by me, wry and flapping, A wreck of whalebones; then, with a snort, Like a startled horse at the interloper Who humbly knew himself improper But could not shrink up small enough) - Round to the door, and in, - the gruff Hinge's invariable scold Making my very blood run cold. Prompt in the wake of her up-pattered On broken clogs, the many-tattered Little old-faced, peaking, sister-turned-mother Of the sickly babe she tried to smother Somehow up, with its spotted face, From the cold, on her breast, the one warm place:

She too must stop, wring the poor ends dry
Of a draggled shawl, and add thereby
Her tribute to the door-mat, sopping
Already from my own clothes' dropping,
Which yet she seemed to grudge I should

stand on: Then stooping down to take off her pattens, She bore them defiantly, in each hand one, Planted, together before her breast And its babe, as good as a lance in rest. Close on her heels the dingy satins Of a female something, past me flitted, With lips as much too white, as a streak Lay far too red on each hollow cheek; And it seemed the very door-hinge pitied All that was left of a woman once, Holding at least its tongue for the nonce. Then a tall yellow man like the penitent thief, With his jaw bound up in a handkerchief, And eyelids screwed together tight Led himself in by some inner light, And, except from him, from each that entered I got the same interrogation-What you, the alien, you have ventured, To take with us, the elect, your station? A carer for none of it, a Gallio!" Thus plain as print I read the glance At a common prey, in each countenance, As of huntsman, giving his hounds the tally-ho.

I very soon had enough of it.
The hot smell and the human noises,
And my neighbor's coat, the greasy cuff of it,
Were a pebble-stone that a child's hand poises,
Compared with the pig-of-led-like pressure,
Of the preaching man's immense stupidity,
As he poured his doctrine forth, full measure,
To meet his audience's avidity.
You needed not the wit of the Sibyl,
To guess the cause of all in a twinkling.
No sooner our friend had got an inkling
Of treasure hid in the Holy Bible,
(Whene'er 'twas that the thought first struck

How death at unawares might duck him
Deeper than the grave, and quench
The ginshop's light in hell's grim drench),
Then he handled it so, in fine irreverence,
As to hug the book of books to pieces;
And a patchwork of chapters and texts in
severance,

Not improved by the private dog's ears and creases,

Having clothed his own soul with, he'd fain see equipt yours,

So tossed you again your Holy Scriptures, And you picked them up in a sense, no doubt: Nay, had but a single face of my neighbors Appeared to suspect that the preacher's labors Were help which the world could be saved

without, 'Tis odds but I might have borne in quiet A qualm or two at my spiritual diet, Or (who can tell?) perchance even mustered Somewhat to urge in behalf of the sermon: But the flock sat on, divinely flustered, Sniffing, methought, its dew of Hermon, With such content in every snuffle As the devil inside us loves to ruffle. My old fat woman purred with pleasure, And thumb round thumb went twirling faster, While she, to his periods keeping measure, Maternally devoured the pastor. The man with the handkerchief untied it, Showed us a horrible wen inside it, Gave his eyelids yet another screwing, And rocked himself, as the woman was doing. The shoemaker's lad, discreetly choking, Kept down his cough! 'Twas too provoking! My gorge rose at the nonsense and stuff of it, So saying like Eve when she plucked the apple, "I wanted a taste, and now here's enough of it,"

I flung out of the little chapel.

There we have the very essence of Browning's genius — his marvellous vision, his brusque familiarity of style, his hatred of convention, his power of combining words and using rhythm and inventing rhyme, so as to wake the reader up and make him stare, rather than so as to fascinate him; and his power to preach, even while expressing his utter disbelief in preaching. And none of his poems insist more graphically than this one,

people. The bishop who "orders his tomb at St. Praxed's Church" is much more really irreligious than these good Methodists; nay, so is Bishop Blougram; and so, too, in his lighter, license-loving way, is Fra Lippo Lippi. But it would be hard to give the irreligious side of any genuine religion a more repulsive garb than Browning gave it here, for in the case of the monk of the Spanish cloister, a yet more revolting picture, there was no genuine religion at all; while here it is clear that Browning intended to paint a heart of religious fervor. Indeed, in the same poem he goes on in his singularly brilliant delineation of the Göttingen professor, who explains away Christ as a human being glorified by myth, to draw a contrast as sharp as possible to the Methodist heat without light, by giving his readers the best example he could find of light without heat, of faith dissolved away by super-subtle analysis into a rationalistic superstition, as really misleading as superstitions of the gloomier and more sensual

But Browning, though he likes nothing better than to teach us the irreligiousness so commonly found in religious people, is equally eager to impress upon us what he is always impressing, the kernel of religiousness in irreligious people. There is nothing he enjoys so much as to make us see what a queer, miscellaneous world we live in, how full it is of discouraging perplexities of all sorts, how full of rough, common, coarse evil, blended with rough, common, coarse good. He is strangely cosmopolitan in his range. He gives us powerful etchings of subjects chosen from all times, from many centuries before Christ to the nineteenth century after him; from all races, Jewish, Arabian, Spanish, Italian, French, German, Russian, English; from all churches, heathen, Jewish, Christian Catholic, and Protestant of all sects and types; from all literary schools, classical, mediæval, modern; from men and women of all callings, clerical, legal, medical, philological, artistic, poetical, orthodox, sceptical, indifferentist; from all kinds of characters, saintly, good, commonplace, bad, devilish; and in all this wonderful mass of humanity, which seems to be taken from every odd corner of the earth's history, Browning delights to show us how there is to be found somewhere a token of spiritual life, either waxing or waning, either growing into power, or flickering into extinction. Whether he chief interest for him and his readers cen-

though many insist more powerfully, on | paints a saint or a murderer, a passionate, the frequent irreligiousness of religious sinful woman, or a cold and scheming ecclesiastic, a spiteful monk or a devotee of the most technical philology, a Methodist preacher or an Arab physician, a mediæval painter or an impostor who trades on the desire to open communication with the dead, the spiritual aspect of the man's character, the conscience, or the excess of conscience, or the want of conscience, the thing that comes nearest to spiritual desire, or that most emphatically signals the imperfect void where such a desire flickers and dies away, is the characteristic feature which remains in the reader's memory. Familiar in his manner, but exceptionally wide in his range of subjects, and constitutionally averse to "morals," as Browning always is, you cannot study one of his pictures without the conviction that it is a photograph printed on the mind of a man who, though understanding fully the common and generally coarse clay of which the earth is compounded, always cares most of all to discern the tongue of flame which is somewhere to be found imbedded within it, either struggling upwards to the God who is a "consuming fire" for all evil, or struggling downwards to that Tophet which is a consuming fire for all good. That is what makes Browning so great a lay preacher. He is careless of the conventional moral. His pictures at times appear to contain almost unrelieved gloom, at other times unrelieved paradox. He paints a devil like Count Guido Franceschini almost as willingly, I was going to say as blithely, as he paints a noble ruler of the Church like Pope Innocent, or a hero like David, yearning to give his life for Saul. He is as eager to delineate the half-animal malignity of "Caliban upon Setebos," or the almost wholly animal cunning of "Mr. Sludge, the medium," as he is to paint the judicial peremptoriness with which the Russian Titan Ivan Ivanovitch blots out the life of the woman who had let the wolves take her children instead of defending them at the cost of her own lifeblood, or the noble Italian passion which breathes through such a nature as Pompilia's in "The Ring and the Book."

But fond as Browning is of the alloys of human nature - fonder, I think, a great deal on the whole than he is of the less mixed forms of good - he always fixes attention on the critical characteristic which tells us in what direction, upwards or downwards, the nature delineated is moving, and there it is for certain that the

the great lay-preacher whom we have just lost - that the world is on the whole a moral world in its true drift and significance, though a moral world such as keeneyed laymen discern, and not such a world as the clerical class, whether ordained or unordained, represent it to be; a world full of all manner of coarse material and common clay, in which it is very hard to discern at first sight even a vestige of spiritual conflict; a world where earthly pleasures and passions are prominent and of great bulk, where the nobler kind of passion often takes the oddest and most subtly disguised forms, and yet a world in which the keen-eyed layman, the man with Browning's eye for common things, can always find the secret sign of the working, past or present, of some nobler passion, even amidst the din and thick confusion of incoherent wants and interests. And wherever you find this, there you really find the kernel of life or death, that which gives character and meaning to everything What Browning seems to teach us so impressively is that only to an eye that looks straight into the world with a wish to see things as they are, not as a preacher would like to find them, is the full significance of the spiritual working of the world visible. Without recognizing the singular variety of human passion and action — here its apparent caprices, there its slow persistency and half-petrified habits; here its disheartening coarseness, there its still more disheartening refinements of evil; here the dreary years through which the conflict of good with evil remains undecided and seems even to make no progress, there the abruptness with which a sudden change takes place, referable, apparently, to no intelligible principle — it is impossible to take the measure of human nature as Browning has taken it, and attain the confidence which he has attained, that at the heart of all this unintelligible universe, "the Lord's controversy" is still going on, though it looks as if in one nature it might remain undecided for a century, while in another the battle rages fiercely, and yields its issue in an hour. To Browning's eye the huge miscellaneousness of the world is one of its chief interests. In one great lump of slow vitality he finds just the faint sign of a little leaven, which will end, sooner or later, in a transformation of the whole; in another slender and vivid life he finds all flame; in another intellectual nature, again, reason and will are pre-eminent, and it is

tres. That is the second great lesson of hardly possible with merely human tests to say how the strife has turned, yet Browning can see that it has been waged, and that sooner or later the issue, to him still doubtful, will come to light; in another all penetrated by deep ruts of habit, like Browning's "Halbert and Hob," it is easy to see that the day has been fought, and perhaps won, though the victory has been gained at the cost of a general wreck of the man's physical organization, which renders any further progress in this world all but impossible. But no student of Browning can doubt that the world he paints is real, that, as in the real world, his art busies itself with chaos as well as order, and yet that the true significance even of all this chaos, and of all this sometimes incipient and sometimes degenerating and decaying order, is the seat of the spiritual life within it, that here is the focus in which the creative purpose centres, and the chief end even of all the physical and intellectual and emotional scaffolding, within which the spirit of devotion is guarded and reared to its full growth. I will give as the briefest illustration of what I mean the close of the dramatic idyl - certainly no idyl, if idyl carry with it any association with the adjective "idyllic," — upon the fierce Yorkshire father and son, "old Halbert and young Hob." A deadly struggle has ended in the father's recalling how he had nearly turned his father out of doors into the bleak winter weather, and how he had recoiled from his evil intention at the last moment, and the grim story closes thus:

> Straightway the son relaxed his hold of the father's throat,

> They mounted side by side to the room again: no note

> Took either of each, no sign made each to either; last As first, in absolute silence, their Christmas

> night they passed. At dawn the father sate on dead in the self-

> same place, With an outburst blackening still the old bad

> fighting face: But the son crouched all-a-tremble, like any lamb new yeaned.

> When he went to the burial someone's staff he borrowed - tottered and leaned,

> But his lips were loose, not locked, kept mut-"There! tering, mumbling. At his cursing and swearing," the youngsters

cried; but the elders thought "In Prayer."

A boy threw stones; he picked them up and stored them in his vest.

So tottered, mumbled, muttered he, till he died, perhaps found rest,

hearts?" O Lear,

That a reason out of nature must turn them soft, seems clear !

That is a story of grim hereditary brutality, ending in tragedy, dreary retribution, and a long twilight of something that looked like penitence. And then comes the poet's asseveration that if there be a reason in nature, in the law of heredity, for these hard hearts, or at all events for some of them, the softening influence which melts the stone in them is to be found in the "Reason out of nature," which bids that brutality swell into a passion that brings remorse, and remorse that brings first humiliation, and then its fruit, humility. That is what I mean by saying that, however chaotic, however discouraging the material of Browning's pictures, there is always something in them which gives us the true relation between the spiritual and the intellectual or bodily life of man, and makes us feel that the heart of the mystery is, after all, to be found hidden within the folds of some inscrutable but divine purpose, and not in the mischance of a chaotic origin.

And this leads me to observe that there is none of the feeble optimism of his age in Browning. He is no poet who exults in the enormous preponderance of good over evil in human life. He does not appear to know whether there is such a preponderance. So far as he is a theologian, he is no universalist. He paints the petty, intense, and overflowing malignity of the monk in the Spanish cloister with as calm and steady a hand as he paints the loyal passion of David and his visions of a loyalty deeper and purer than any which even Saul could excite in him. And Browning shows us no glimpse of any escape from that petty malignity into a larger and less suffocating life. Again he paints the cruel and murderous vindictivenes of Count Guido towards Pompilia, - of whose goodness this devil in human form yet feels so instinctively certain that his confidence in her rises higher than his confidence in God himself, and he paints it with as sure an eye and as firm a hand as he paints Pompilia's maternal loveliness and the old pope's justice. Here again he never gives us a hint that for Count Guido's utterly unrepentant vileness there is any visible escape from the hell of cowardice and villainy to which he seems to have doomed himself. In Browning's world men make their own future, and while Ned Bratts and his wife just contrive tardily to snatch themselves | Still shrank from Him who made the whole,

"Is there a reason in nature for these hard out of a life of violence and crime, by gratefully welcoming the exalting influence of Bunyan's faith, he gives us visions enough of natures which have chosen the downward path, and have plodded in it so steadily and so far that their prospect of finding any hand to snatch them out of it, is faint indeed. The feeble optimism and universalism of his day found no echo in Browning.

On the other hand, no one has taught more positively than Browning that life, if confined to this earth and without any infinite love in it, is not the life which has filled the noblest minds with exultation, nor, indeed, any shadow of it. "Christmas Eve" is a much more characteristic poem in many ways than "Easter Day." It has more of the raw material of Browning's genius in it, and more of that vigorous etching in which he has never had a superior, hardly even a rival. But " Easter Day" is fuller in its indications of Browning's own spiritual convictions than even "Christmas Eve." It contains in more explicit form than any other of Browning's poems the confession that unless the beauty of nature is a mere foretaste of something durable and even eternal, it is not a source of peace but of perpetual pain; that unless art can promise itself an endless vista beyond anything which it accomplishes in this world, art gnaws forever at the soul which it possesses. Michael Angelo's greatness, for instance, lay in his artistic insatiableness, — in the inadequacy of such visions as he had on earth to satisfy him:

Think now, What pomp in Buonarroti's brow With its new palace-brain where dwells Superb the soul, unvexed by cells That crumbled with the transient clay! What visions will his right hand's sway Still turn to forms, as still they burst Upon him? How will he quench thirst Titanically infantine Laid at the breast of the Divine?

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And if art is a mere worm that gnaws at the heart unless it has faith in an immortal future, still more is human love an unutterable anguish without the eternal horizons of divine love on which to gaze. And on this Browning insists, intimating his own belief in the Christian story of the incarnation which was meant to show at once the origin and the infinitude of that love of which we have in our hearts but a faint echo, or at best a slowly expanding out-

Thy soul

Still set deliberate aside His love! Now take love! Well betide Thy tardy conscience! Haste to take The show of love for the name's sake, Remembering every moment Who, Beside creating thee unto These ends, and these for thee, was said To undergo death in thy stead In flesh like thine: so ran the tale, What doubt in thee could countervail Belief in it? Upon the ground That in the story had been found "Too much love! How could God love so?" He who in all his works below Adapted to the needs of men Made love the basis of the plan, Did love, as was demonstrated: While man who was so fit instead To hate, as every day gives proof, Man, thought man, for his kind's behoof Both could and did invent that scheme Of perfect love: 'twould well beseem Cain's nature, thou wast wont to praise, Not tally with God's usual ways

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With that deep theological criticism, that it is hardly reasonable to think men's dwarfish imagination the source of a nobler gospel than any authorized by God, on the mere ground that man cannot deserve what he can yet make it seem that God would find it his divinest blessedness to bestow - I may leave Mr. Browning's claim to be regarded as one of our truest religious teachers. Surely no theological conviction can go deeper than his, that if the Christian revelation opens out a love which is "too good to be true," that is only another way of saying that we, in spite of all our pettiness and evil, can surpass God in the conception of immeasurable love - without which, nevertheless, we could never have known either the meaning of the word or the reality of the thing.

> From The Fortnightly Review. THE CITY OF THE CREED.

ALTHOUGH the pasha of Ismidt had announced that his district was for the moment free from brigandage, we deemed it prudent to time our visit to Nicæa so that we could be accompanied by friends resident in Constantinople, and thus form a properly organized caravan. The province of Nicomedia (Ismidt), bears a very bad reputation even in Asia Minor, and to get to Nicæa we had to pass over the mountains in the heart of it. A secondary incentive to choose Easter week for this expedition was entirely sentimental and

agreed how charming it would be to hear the creed chanted on Easter day in its native air, and to pass Easter at the spot where the time and season of the Greek

Easter was originally fixed.

The three hundred and eighteen fathers, when they started to Nicæa to hold their first œcumenical council, must have had a much easier journey before them than we had, for in those days Nicæa was a seaport; that is to say, the Lake Ascanios, on which the city is built, was then connected with the open sea by a navigable channel which has since been silted up, but which it would take very little trouble to open out again, if there was anything like enterprise within the sick man's realm. In those good old days a many-oared Byzantine boat would get from Constantinople to Nicæa easily in a day, and I am sure that if those reverend gentlemen had had to ride as we did for eleven hours over muddy mountain roads, the numbers attending that celebrated synod would have

been considerably diminished.

By an odd coincidence we left for the city of the creed on the day which the Greek Church has chosen for honoring St. Athanasius. This we took to ourselves as a good omen, and taking the precaution not to tell our plans at our hotel, that intending brigands might not be given an opportunity of making theirs, we stepped on to a steamer at the Stamboul Bridge which quickly put us over to the Asiatic coast. The railway to Ismidt conveyed us for a small portion of our route. This line is one of those miserable failures with, perhaps, a brilliant future before it, so common in the East; for ninety miles it follows the sea-line of the gulf, and its present terminus is Ismidt, which is equivalent to nowhere. The steamers which ply along the coast take all the merchandise and traffic, and if the constructors of the line had only pushed their ninety miles inland instead of following the coast, some benefit might have accrued to the shareholders; but it is one day, they say, to be the main line to Bagdad and India, and many an illconditioned infant has grown into a man of

By the side of the railway runs the great highroad to Bagdad, along which the imperial caravan, laden with presents from the sultan to the tomb of the Prophet, used to pass before the days of steamers, and from the windows of our carriage we contemplated views of surpassing beauty. Mount Olympus, with its covering of snow, subservient to the former, but we all was forever before our eyes; the Sea of mid distance. Prince's Island, the favorite suburb of the merchants of Constantinople, was gay with its many villas. Bulwer's Island could be seen just behind it, and close to the shore we passed another tiny islet, also celebrated for its connection with an Englishman. Hobart Pasha owned it, and stocked it with rabbits for his sport, and laid oyster-beds in the shoals around it for his private use. He himself loved to tell the story of how he was rowed out here one day by some boatmen who did not know him, and who invited him to try a few of those excellent oysters which a rich English chelibe had put into the water expressly for their use.

Other memories were conjured up by a curious low and narrow tongue of land, which almost cuts the Gulf of Ismidt in half, like a green breakwater. A quaint Turkish legend relates that this promontory of Dil thus came into existence. holy dervish wanted to cross the gulf at this point, but the Greek boatmen asked more for their fare than he felt inclined to give, so he prayed, and lo! land came down before him on which he could walk, and continued to do so for nearly two miles. The Greek boatmen followed the holy man as he walked on this miraculous bridge, bargaining the while, as Greek boatmen will, and reducing their demands, until at last they were so smitten with alarm lest the entrance to their gulf should be entirely shut up, that they readily agreed to take the dervish across the distance that remained for nothing. If this legend proves nothing else, it at least | proves to us that the Turks have a keen appreciation of the character of their so lovely a place rejoiced in so sinister a Christian subjects.

The train dropped us just beyond Dil promontory, and we, like the holy dervish, had to cross the gulf; but as it became apparent that no miracle was going to be worked on our behalf, we agreed to pay the Greek boatmen what they asked, and were rowed across in a big canoe, gaily carved, at the bottom of which we crouched, one hideous mass of umbrellas and waterproofs, for the night was wet; and so pitch dark was it when we reached Karamoussà, or "Black Moses" on the south side of the gulf, that our boatmen had to blow their buffalo horns to announce our arrival, and the sound of this weird instrument brought assistance from the shore to convey us and our dripping baggage to the house of a Turk; and a truly

Marmora, bristling with islands, was in | in the harem, but also permitted his own wife and daughter to stare to their hearts' content at the strange Giaours who were turning their home upside down in their efforts to make themselves comfortable.

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Black Moses is a charming spot, with colored wooden houses down by the water's edge, a bazaar with its trellis of vines to keep off the sun, fascinating minarets, which vie with the cypresses in their ascent heavenwards, and behind it the dread mountains which we had to cross, covered with olives and cypresses and rich gardens. The seaboard of Black Moses is very gay with boats constructed with great, high, beak-like prows, and sterns richly carved and adorned with gilt and coloring, The turbaned crew, as they lounge in their gaudy attire on the low decks, add much to the picturesque effect of these strange craft, which were the same in ages long gone by, before the Turks reached these waters, and doubtless the holy fathers went to the council at Nicæa in boats like these.

The population of Black Moses is chiefly Turkish; nevertheless, there are a good many Greeks, as is invariably the case in all the coast towns. These were making themselves conspicuous this morning by "shaking Judas's bones," as they call it; that is to say, on the Thursday before Easter they rattle all sorts of things in the streets - tin kettles, bones, anything that comes to hand, for the Greeks are a noise-loving race, and never lose an opportunity of proving this to the world at large. But we had not much time for making close observations that morning, and had to leave before we found out why

At eight o'clock we were in the saddle, each with a revolver ready for action, and with a Circassian, a Bosnian, and a Turkish soldier to protect us from harm by the way. On this day's ride, and on our return journey by a slightly different route, we had an admirable picture afforded us of the state of society in the mountains of Asia Minor, and its varied forms.

First came the line of cultivation around Black Moses, and the many gardens, which were just then covered with blossoms, and promised a rich harvest of plums and fruit. Amongst them were to be seen tall jasmine stalks, from which the Turks make their long chibouques; some of these stand at least six feet high, and are bound round with linen to make them grow enlightened Turk he was too, who not only straight. One could buy a pipe-stalk here allowed my wife and me to sleep in a room for next to nothing — it is on the bowls so much money, and a rich pasha may perhaps smoke a chibouque which is worth, with its fittings, £500.

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Then came, when we had reached a considerable elevation, undulating, park-like ground; then it grew wilder, and on the confines of cultivation we entered a village of Bosnian refugees on whom the clemency of the Ottoman government has bestowed certain tracts of uncultivated soil in this mountainous district. The refugees have here built themselves mud houses and a mud mosque, and their one street was such a mass of this primitive building material that our cavalcade nearly stuck fast there forever. Around the village are the newly enclosed fields, and a certain amount of prosperity seems in store for these expatriated Mussulmans. Sixpence a day, they told us, was the ordinary wages. Of this they made no complaint; but they spoke strongly on the subject of the taxes the government imposes on them; a goat, for example, is taxed three times over, one tax being levied for itself, another for its wool, and another for the cheese and butter made out of its milk.

In the composite villages of Asia Minor, like Black Moses or Nicæa for example, it is the very poor who pay most of the taxes. An order arrives from the pasha that a certain sum is required, of which the Mohammedans are to contribute so much and the Christians the rest. Immediately the heads of the different Christian denominations are ordered to meet and assess the taxes, and naturally not wishing to pay more than they can help, these worthies place the chief burden on the poorer farmers, who have not been represented in the conclave.

Soon after leaving the Bosnian village we came across a string of twenty men carrying their beds and luggage - wearylooking men, who told us they had walked all the way from Erzeroum in the hope of finding work at Constantinople; and then, after passing a belt of barren land, and toiling up and down another mountain ridge, we descended into what appeared a very happy valley, and found, buried in mulberry-trees and vineyards, another considerable village, this time inhabited exclusively by Armenians, a branch of that luckless race which the Turks have scattered to the winds, almost as the children of Abraham have been dispersed. All the inhabitants of this village speak Turkish, and the public notices are stuck

and mouthpieces that the Turks lavish and simple, and in Turkish written with Armenian characters. Pretty girls with almond-shaped eyes and pencilled eyebrows, in brilliant colored dresses, inspected our cavalcade from the balconies; excellent material, we thought, for the replenishing of the Stamboul harems.

These more luxurious villages of Bithynia devote themselves to the culture of the olive and the rearing of silkworms, and their prosperity fluctuates according to the temperament of the pasha who governs them. Inasmuch as all their products are generally ready for the market at the same time, it is of the utmost importance to them at what time they have to pay their taxes. A bad pasha, in league with the money-lender, demands the taxes just before the ready money comes in; a good pasha waits until they have realized the value of their products.

At luncheon time we halted at a large rambling Greek village, high up in the mountains, and refreshed ourselves by an hour's rest. In this village only one of the inhabitants speaks modern Greek, the rest know only Turkish. Even the priest in the village church performs the service in the language of the oppressor; the demarch, or mayor of this village, a stout, burly fellow, understands not a word of his ancestral tongue, but they hope soon to have a boys' school opened, thanks to the good influence of Greeks from the capital, when their children will have an opportunity of identifying themselves as Hellenes.

Another village we passed through was purely Turkish, where the women, unlike their skittish sisters of the capital, not only cover their faces relentlessly, but even turn their backs on the passing male. To-day in Stamboul, the thinnest gauze veils and high-heeled shoes are all the rage, despite the fanatical outburst against them in the late war, when the misfortunes of the empire were put down to the frivolities of the fair sex, and edicts were issued to oblige women to dress more in accordance with their religion, so that even in the streets high-heeled boots were torn off tender feet by rough policemen, and women with thin veils were sent home again to fetch more orthodox covering for their faces.

Yet another phase of life on these mountains was given us by the nomad woodcutters - Yuruks, as the Turks call them - who live in skin huts, and pass their time in stripping whole districts of trees, with this result, that those who are up bilingually - namely, in Turkish pure | obliged to live permanently here, for want of other fuel, have to burn dung cakes on their hearths. Just as Yuruk woodcutters devastate the forests for wood and charcoal, so do Yuruk shepherds burn the same with a view to obtaining rich crops for their flocks for the space of a year or so in the virgin soil, and then they pass on to another district. In this manner are the rich tracts of Asia Minor being con-

verted into a desert.

Late in the afternoon we looked down upon the Lake of Ascanios, backed by the giant ridges of the Mysian Olympus, and at our feet we beheld the city of the creed at the head of the lake, surrounded by what once must have been a fertile plain. Across the lake we were pointed out the village of Derbent, which we were told consisted of eighty Greek families, the fathers of whom came hither as brigands at the beginning of this century, after the declaration of independence in their native country. They settled themselves in a position suitable to their trade, namely, half-way between two centres of commerce, Broussa and Ismidt. Here they carried on their depredations for many years with signal success. Included in these robberies were the daughters of some of the neighboring villagers. These became the mothers of the present generation, peaceful tillers of the soil, who speak Turkish only, the language of their stolen mothers.

It was getting quite dusk as our cavalcade passed through the double walls of Nicæa, the only portion of the ancient city left to testify to its greatness. These walls surround a circuit of over five miles, and within them we had to pass through a wide area of fields and gardens before we reached the miserable hamlet of Isnik, which is all that is left of the city where the three hundred and eighteen fathers met to decide on the future belief of Christendom. It looked deliciously quaint in the fast-fading light, as we passed by tall cypresses with Hadgi storks perched on their airy nests, and by dervish convents where Hadgi dervishes were saying their evening prayers; for dervishes are always plentiful on spots hallowed by Christian reminiscences. Turks always make use of those miracle-working streams, so much resorted to by the devotees of the Eastern Church. Turks bring handsome presents to the shrines of Madonnas of repute, and it would appear from the following passage in the Koran that they have the authority of their religion for so doing, for the Koran says: The first prophet was Adam, the last we could not help feeling more impressed

Mohammed; between them many prophets came, whose names are only known to God, including Jesus, Moses, and Abraham."

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At length, after a ride of eleven hours, we found ourselves the inhabitants of a Greek house, just opposite the Greek Church of Nicæa, which is replete with memories of the great councils which gained for Nicæa its lasting fame, and without a murmur we laid our weary bones on mattresses on the floor, and slept as we do not always do in a home-made bed.

The Turkish element is now entirely predominant in Nicæa; there remain only about sixty Greek families, poor and fever-stricken, whereas there are more than double the number of Turks, but both Greeks and Turks are steeped in the profoundest misery and ignorance. For example, the favorite Turkish plan of doctoring the many sick of Nicæa is to carry a chemise belonging to the invalid to the imam or priest, and a bottle of water to be blessed in a dervish's bowl. The sick then wears the chemise and drinks of the water, and if he can walk he goes and lies down before the dervish, who steps upon him, and on tiny infants too, until one would think their bones would break. they die it is fate that has killed them, if they recover religion has done it.

The Greeks in this respect are not a whit better than the Turks, for on Good Friday night we saw them depositing their sick under the representation of the Entombment in the church, there to pass the night, in full expectation of a cure. Poor things! they are sadly in need of genuine medical aid in fever-stricken Nicæa. Our landlady told us she had had ten children in her day, of whom only a deformed, halfwitted daughter and a baby in arms survived. The only person in the place who professes to know anything about medicine is an old Italian with a history which we could not extract from him. All he vouchsafed to tell us was that he fled from his native land in 1848, came to Nicæa, and had lived there ever since; he had married a Greek, and his children were Greek, whilst he himself was nothing at all, having forgotten his Italian and not yet learnt his Greek. Nevertheless, he goes by the title of "Doctor," but his pa-tients are few, not half so many as the Turkish imams and the Greek priests can boast of.

Though the walls of Nicæa are imposing and the remains of the Greek theatre massive and unique in that department, at first with the Mohammedan relics that we saw. The green mosque of Nicæa is one of the prettiest in Islam, and was built, as an inscription over the porch told us, by a general of Sultan Murad, the cap-turer of Salonica, as an expiation for the sin of not visiting Mecca once in his life because the exigencies of public affairs prevented him. It was erected in 1378; its architecture is Saracenic, and its minaret, encrusted with blue and red tiles, is infinitely superior to anything of the kind in Constantinople. Close to it is the fast-decaying imaret, or almshouse, where soup and pilaff were once distributed to the poor - a building of excessive beauty in its decay, its crumbling walls and domes having taken nearly all the colors of the rainbow. One of our party sat sketching here, and a dervish who was contemplating the operation with undisguised disgust, not knowing that he was understood, was heard to say, "See, the Giaour is tak-ing a list of the pillars, so that when we have to give it up they may know the exact number." I myself got into trouble for examining a bas-relief let into the wall of a Turkish house, the mistress of which, thinking I was contemplating her treasure with a view to removal, began to scream at me and scold vehemently, and when a Turkish woman fights with these weapons the only safety is in immediate flight.

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At the mosque of Mohammed Chelibè at Nicæa, the imaret is still in working order, and we paid it a visit to see the old cook boiling a huge cauldron of pilaff for the benefit of the hungry poor, who sat around with their mugs and tins. If the Turks are nothing else, they are at least charitable; their charity has bordered their roads with wells, and the poorest village has its imaret and its moosafirlik, or guests' chamber, where the wayfarers can obtain a modest lodging and nourishment at the expense of the community. Close to this mosque there is a Turkish bath, likewise in working order, and from its structure it is obviously of Byzantine days, perhaps the very one in which the holy authors of our creed performed their

ablutions. Who knows?

Around the village in the fields are dotted many ruined spots of interest - the old theatre, sacred tombs of holy Mussulmans, ruined mosques, and a big mound popularly supposed to contain a priceless treasure, and all around the fields are gay with the opium poppies, which seem to cast a sleepy glamor over this sleepy place. But the walls of Nicæa, the brave old walls, which stood there to welcome and protect | licly renounced iconoclasm, and then in a

the holy fathers of the councils, which for long withstood the attack of the Turks under Sultan Orchan, and to which Godfrey de Bouillon laid siege during his crusade, are still there, and in pretty much the same condition as when Strabo described them. They are massive double walls, with a hundred and eight towers in the inner circle, and a hundred and thirty in the outer, and in the shelter of these towers you now find the encampments of nomad tribes - Gipsies, Yuruks, and so forth - whose aspect makes you feel if your revolver is in its place, and heave a sigh of relief when you have left them well behind. At the Stamboul gate you pass under an inscription of the date of Trajan, and at this gateway, in the second row of walls, you are confronted by two huge mask heads four feet high, relics doubtless from the old theatre, used by later inhabitants to adorn the chief entrance into their city. Another gate is adorned by quaint old Greek bas-reliefs; and at the Lefkè gate the aqueduct is still in use which Justinian built for supplying the city with water. The Yeni-ser gate has over it a laudatory inscription to Marcus Antoninus, and by this gate it was that Sultan Orchan entered Nicæa with his victorious army in 1333, when the city of the creed was forever lost to Christendom.

The mosque of St. Sophia at Nicæa is perhaps the only definite site which can be identified with the councils, and its pedigree, as the church in which the second of the Nicæan councils was held, is clear and distinct, but it is now a hopeless, roofless ruin. In its nave an enterprising Turk has planted a vegetable garden, and on the top of one of its ruined minarets a stork has built her nest. When I visited it some evil-looking dervishes were playing cards on the actual spot where the high altar must once have stood. They wished me to enter a dark recess to prescribe for one of their fellows who was down with fever, but thinking I might not escape with my purse, I stated that I was no doctor and hurried away. This is the spot where in 787 A.D. three hundred and fifty fathers of the Orthodox Church met after the great iconoclast schism, and decided that it was quite right to worship images; and probably it was just where I saw the dervishes playing cards that every one of the three hundred and fifty publicly demonstrated their tenets by kissing one. Even those who were previously dissentient, seeing the course events were taking, pub-

men repaired to Constantinople and in a public assemblage held in the Magnaura Palace again kissed an image. An interesting picture of this council is preserved in the Vatican, representing the holy synod with the prostrate figure of icono-

clasm at their feet.

The locale of the first great council is much more uncertain, not that spots are wanting which the credulous point out as connected with this great event. You will be told that it was held in what are supposed to be the ruins of Justinian's palace down by the lake; you will be shown stone steps leading to a sort of terrace, where the holy fathers are supposed to have taken the air; you will likewise be shown a venerable plane-tree under the shade of which Constantine the Great is said to have had his throne erected; and you will also be shown a large stone in a Turkish tomb, which you will be asked to believe was put up by Sultan Orchan, as a place on which to distribute food to the poor. All these and much more you will be told, but I think if you are wise you will attach very little credence to any of these legends. Having read an inscription in the Greek church to the effect that a monastery was built on the spot where the council was held, I personally looked out diligently for the ruins of a monastery, but was not able to come to any definite decision, except that the Greek church itself is very old, and may have been the church of a monastic establishment. From its character it would appear to date from the twelfth century of our era. It has some good pictures, one being a quaint representation of the first council. in the background sit the fathers, whose numbers I did not attempt to verify; they are apparently in solemn conclave, with St. Athanasius and other leading controversialists in the front. But a fresco on the walls of the monastery of the Iberians on Mount Athos gives us a better representation of the scene. Until I saw these pictures I never realized that St. Athanasius was quite a young man at the time of the council; but there he sits, quite the youngest amongst the assembled divines busily engaged in writing down his creed, whilst Arius is having a frantic effort to convert his adversaries by a supreme last effort of rhetoric. On the right several Arians are represented as coming before the fathers to recant their errors, whilst those who will not recant are being driven to prison by a man with a club.

This first Council of Nicæa was indeed

body these three hundred and fifty holy | a great triumph for the Greek Church, and no wonder they are proud of it still. It was a triumph not only over the Arian heresy, but over the dissentients of western Christendom, for though the western Church was only represented by eight bishops at this council, nevertheless the creed which it drew up was, with the single exception of the filioque clause, accepted by both the eastern and western Churches alike.

Amongst minor points settled by this council, I always admire the generous conduct of the Egyptian Bishop Paphnutius, who, though himself a strict ascetic and a celibate, stuck out for the marriage of the lower Greek clergy prior to ordination; and he gained his point, with the result that to this day the pappadia or priest's wife, thanks to Bishop Paphnutius, is as important a factor in a Greek village community as is the vicar's wife in our villages

at home.

The above-mentioned inscription in the church is held in great veneration by the few remaining Greeks at Nicæa. A few years ago an Armenian from Constantinople made an effort to remove it, doubtless under the impression that he would realize money by its sale; but the Greeks were wildly indignant at the idea, and refused to let it go. The old church itself is a very good specimen of Byzantine, and still has some good mosaics; but its domes fell in a few years ago and did much damage. The restoration has been badly carried out, and the surroundings of the sacred edifice are in a condition of great dilapidation. It is a pity, for there is more possibility that this is the site on which the great council was held than any other point in Nicæa.

I am not the least surprised at Sultan Mohammed when, after the conquest of Constantinople, he forbade the Greeks to ring their church bells, for the most hideous noise I ever heard was being perpetually made by a cracked bell belonging to the church opposite to our abode, and it apparently ceased not night or day during the festive season of Easter. Thanks, however, to our proximity to the church, we missed nothing of the Easter night-service, at which the creed was chanted, and which were peculiarly impressive, and different in many respects from similar functions which I have witnessed in Greece Twenty young men with pistols before. went forth in the dark to fetch the priest, and made the night air resound with their explosions and their hilarity. Precisely at midnight they chanted the service in the open air, in the space between our house

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and the church. Every individual held a lighted candle in his hand, which flickered in the breeze; and the report of pistols let off during the service gave to the whole ceremony a truly weird aspect. The priests wore their handsomest robes, and from the church they brought the picture of the Entombment, and all the sick children of Nicæa were brought, most of whom were suffering from whooping-cough at the time, and as the night was damp and chilly it is not to be wondered at that many died.

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The only drawback to our appreciation of this service arose from the fact that, inasmuch as Turkish is the language of the majority of the Greeks at Nicæa, the priests made use of that tongue only. It was a heavy blow to our sentimental expectations to hear "the belief" and the Christ is risen from the dead," enunciated on the spot where the former was written, in so very alien a tongue.

From our landlady, who was a Greek from Heraclea, and spoke her own language well, we learnt quite a novel use for the Nicene Creed. In this country where watches are scarce and egg-boilers unknown, a good housewife, as she plunges her eggs into boiling water, commences to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Nicene Creed, and the eggs are supposed to be done to a turn when these devotions are concluded.

Thus Easter at Nicæa passed quietly away, with very little of that stirring excitement which usually attends Easter in purely Greek communities. To be sure, the young men of the place repaired to the treasure-mound with bottles of wine, and celebrated their holiday by such liberal libations that when evening came the quiet old town was boisterous with their merriment; but there were no games and no dancing, as is customary elsewhere. The Greek women, too—stout, massive objects, with baggy trousers tied round their ankles, and stuffed with petticoats so that each leg resembled a porpoise — were equally apathetic. They merely put on a little more finery than usual, and a flower in their hair, and sat for the whole of the day at their doors chatting. All life and vigor seem to have left the inhabitants of the city of the creed. Their occupations are for the most part pastoral; every evening the narrow streets are rendered objectionable by the herds of buffaloes they drive in from the fields. Before each door reposes a sort of long, lidless ham-

gather in the crops. All their implements of husbandry are of the most primitive order; but their soil, especially that within the walls, is exceptionally fertile, and the universal cry that goes up from amongst them is, that the channel may be reopened which would join their lake with the sea, and give them an outlet for their products and a stimulus to work. As it is, there is only one miserable craft on Lake Ascanios; and the villages on its shores, with everything favorable around them for the development of industries, now only produce enough for the maintenance of their poverty-stricken population.

J. THEODORE BENT.

From Blackwood's Magazine. OLD BOSTON.

For those who have been there, the Lincolnshire fens have a strange fascina-The miles and miles of perfectly level fields, all in a high state of cultivation, the dykes and waterways crossing the land in every direction, and the robust and resolute appearance of the people, combine to make the fen country one of the most attractive in England. An old writer of the twelfth century, Henry of Huntingdon, said, "This fennie countrie is passing rich and plenteous, yea, and beautiful to behold." What he wrote then holds good to-day. Kingsley sang its praises in his charming "Prose Idylls;' and from time immemorial people have recorded their impressions, always deep and always fresh. Dr. Stukeley, a Lincolnshire man and a true lover of the fen district, says, "It looks like the Garden of Eden in summer-time. I have often considered and admired the length and breadth and depth of their canals, the vastness of their gotes and sluices. all things necessary for the comfort of life are here in great plenty, and visitants ever go away with a better opinion of it than they bring." It had been, as Kingsley says, "in the old days haunted by millions of wild-fowl, - now and then a skein of geese paddle hastily out of sight round a mud cape, or a single cormorant flaps along close to the water towards his fishing-ground. Even the fish are shy of haunting a bottom which shifts with every storm. Innumerable shrimps are almost the only product of the shallow, barren sea. Beside all is silence and desolation, as of per, which when occasion requires can be a world waiting to be made." This was put on wheels, and serves for a cart to in the far-distant past, before the arrival

of the bold fenman, "the man of the marshes," the Viking of Canute's con-quest, and the refugee of William's conquest, - the men to whose descendants, mixing with "Vermuyden's Dutchmen, Huguenots after St. Bartholomew, and Scotch prisoners employed by Cromwell on the dykes after the battle of Dunbar, we may attribute that strong Calvinistic element which has endured for three centuries, and attribute, too, that sturdy independence and self-help which drove them of old out of Boston town to seek their fortunes, first in Holland, and then in Massachusetts." Perhaps the centre of interest is Boston, sometimes called the capital of the fens. It is distinctly a place with a history, - a history such as few English towns can boast of, and a history that has received but scant attention. Not that it teaches any extraordinary lessons perhaps, but there is something pathetic about it. There is a feeling of regret for the grand times when it was the third port in the kingdom (King John's time), and ranked next after London. And there is the faint reflection of the glory of the other Boston.

We hear so much of Boston in the United States, of its culture and its commerce, and its great men, that the quiet market-town in Lincolnshire seems to be quite overlooked, and indeed neglected. It has dropped these two hundred years into a quiet, easy-going, phlegmatic sort of existence, neither increasing nor decreasing to any great extent, but pursuing an even, industrious, and, at times, prosperous course; giving vent now and again to expressions of regret for the "good old times," when corn was double the price it is now, and farms were all let, and marketdays were occasions for heavy dealings in "beasts" and sheep. The people take life easily. They can look back with pride on the days when Boston was the third port of England, and its custom duties exceeded those of London even (1279-1288); when the quays were crowded with shipping, and merchants flocked into the town from all parts of England, France, They can look back to the and Holland. time when William the Conqueror visited Lincolnshire in 1068, and found merchants trading at Boston who had come from Ypres, Caen, Ostend, and Cologne.

Even at that early period the town had become a great emporium for merchants. Trading guilds were established, as well as a great fair, extending over several days in December; and there were four religious houses to keep up the tone. an account of the affair:

Then, as now, there was more money to be made in business than in agricultural work, and the Bostonians seem to have grasped that fact at an early stage. pushed their trade in every direction, wool, corn, wine, - nothing came amiss. Here they were in Boston six hundred years ago, before America was even thought of, paying something like thirtysix per cent. of the customs duties of the whole kingdom. What a time those old people must have had! Merchants came from all parts of the kingdom to buy their goods, and even the necessaries and luxuries of life. Shopping was not in fashion, as there were few or no shops, so most of the buying was done by "commission." There are records how various religious houses sent their friars to buy at the Boston mart. The canons of Bridlington, in Yorkshire, came all the way to Boston what a journey that must have been across the Humber! - to buy their wine and cloth, for in the compotus of the priory is a yearly account (1290 to 1325) of wine, etc., bought apud sanctum Botolphum. Commissions were also undertaken for the ladies and gentlemen of Craven, to buy stuffs and dresses.

It is hoped the buyers looked well after the interests of their clients, for an old statute ordains that "dyed cloth should be of equal quality throughout, and that the merchants should not hang up red or black cloths at their windows, nor darken them by pent-houses to prevent any one having a good light in buying their cloths." Shocking! In these degenerate days of wooden nutmegs and paper boots, such a statute might be understood, but to learn that in the good old times these laws were necessary is a revelation. There is an old comedy by Middleton, "A Mad World, my Masters," and one of the characters is made to say, "Oh! the honestest thieves of all come out of Lincolnshire, the kindest natured gentlemen! They'll rob a man with conscience; they have a feeling of what they go about, and will steal with tears in their eyes. Ah, pitiful gentlemen!" Certainly the kindest natured gentlemen are to be found in Lincolnshire; and as Middleton tells us the "thieves came out" well, we must assume there are none but honest men left now.

The even tenor of life in Boston was sadly upset by an incident which seems to have done almost irreparable harm to the town. It earned a bad name perhaps, and naturally the frightful excesses drove people away. Stow, the antiquary, gives

In 1287 a Justus was proclaimed to bee holden at Buttolph's toune, or Boston, in the faire time, whereof one part of the Justers came in the habit of monkes; the other, as defendants, in the habite of channons. Both these sortes of Justers had covenanted, after the Justes, to spoyle the faire; for atchieving whereof they fiered the towne in three severall places on the morrowe after Saint James' Day, that they might more freely spoyle and sacke the residue; and whilst the merchants were busie to save their goods, and quench the fire, they were slaine downe by the said Justers, and their partakers. By this fiering the Blacke Friers' church was burnt, and almost the whole towne, so that, as it was said, streames of gold and other mettals molten ran into the sea. As it was moreover said, that all the money in ready coine within England, would beneath recompence the losse then sustained. The captaine of which mischiefe was Robert Chamberlaine, Esquire, who was afterward hanged, but would never confesse his fellowes.

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Chamberlain's émeute must have done the place great injury. But the people pulled themselves together. How they set to work to rebuild, to found a church, the noble pile now standing, and how they brought their prosperity up to a higher pitch, are matters of some interest. The foundation-stone of a new church was laid, Boston was made a staple town, and the Hanseatic League established a guild. This league was a union of German cities for mutual protection, and the vindication of their independence. These aims appealed to the sturdy and freedom-loving Bostonians. The relations with the Netherlands had always been close from the earliest days, and the Reformation movement there found echo in many a heart in Boston town; for was it not in Holland that the Pilgrim Fathers first took refuge in their flight from England?

With the exception of one, St. Mary's, all the guild halls, and indeed most of the merchants' houses, have now disappeared. Although Boston is a picturesque place, still there are few, if any, really old houses left - houses of the time when the town had not assumed the tranquil air of the nineteenth century. To be sure, there is a gable end of Pescod House, once the residence of the Pescod family. Down a lane running off the market-place is the old "bit," cheek-by-jowl with a red brick warehouse. It will soon disappear, for the proprietor, a bacon merchant, has no room to spare, and utility is the order of the day.

But as a tremendous balance on the other side — as a plenary compensation and dark-colored roof, and walls several for the lack of old dwelling-houses — feet thick, now sunk somewhat below the there is the parish church of St. Botolph, level of the pavement. Apparently they LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 3579

the pride of all Bostonians, and the wonder and admiration of all visitors. Boston "stump," the lofty beacon-light of the old days, is a lasting example of grace and skill, and has weathered the storms of more than four hundred years. Its great height of three hundred feet is enhanced by the surrounding level country. Miss Ingelow, in her beautiful poem, "The High Tide on the Lincolnshire Coast, 1571," describes how

All fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadow mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away,
The steeple towered from out the greene.

And so it is a landmark over the whole country-side, and far out in the North Sea a beacon for the toiling, weary fisherman. To attempt a description of the church, and do it full justice, would require the pen of a Ruskin. This much may be said. At the height of their prosperity the inhabitants showed a grateful spirit for the blessings bestowed. The expression found vent in the building of a church, which they dedicated to St. Botolph, the patron saint of sailors, - much of their wealth and power came from over the sea, guarded and guided by that protecting arm. Dame Margery Tilney laid the first stone of the present Boston church in the year 1309, putting £5 upon it, Sir John Twesdale, the vicar, and Richard Stevenson, doing the same. Leland said, "For a parish church it is the best and fayrest of al Lincolnshire, and served so with singing, and that of cunning men, as no paroche is in al England." They keep up this record in the present day, and have made the organ, as the verger puts it, "a speciality." How lovingly this beautiful church is kept in repair, how the people flock to the service on Sunday mornings, and how justly proud are they all of their steeple, need not be told here.

It is curious that Boston of to-day fails to suggest the proud position she once With the exception of the bit of held. old Pescod House, and some ancient houses in Spain Lane, there is little or nothing remaining to tell of the wealth and power once enjoyed. Those in Spain Lane were probably the warehouse of the De Spayne family, who are known to have had transactions with the guilds. They are three tumble-down, ecclesiastical-looking places, with windows in odd and unexpected spots under the erratic and dark-colored roof, and walls several feet thick, now sunk somewhat below the

were last used as a corn warehouse, and are fast going to decay. On the other side of the lane, in striking contrast, is a hideous modern mill, of red, glowing brick without, and a never-ceasing rumble of

oil-crushing machinery within.

When the Reformation came, Boston suffered, as did most other towns; but Henry made ample amends for the injury he had done in dissolving the religious houses, the wealth and influence of which were extensive. He granted the town a charter, with a mayor and corporation. The charter is dated May 14, 1546, and a copy of it hangs in the city hall of Boston, in America, in a frame of wood taken from old Boston church.

Times were once more changing in Boston—changing, sad to relate, for the worse. Fate and fashion were against it, and even a mayor and corporation could do little to stay the downward movement. A force was at work beside that which was regenerating the spiritual being of the English people—the force of the consciousness of a new power, of a new life. The dream of El Dorado might possibly be realized in the New World. There a channel was opening for the energetic and sturdy descendants of the Normans and Danes. Their love of adventure and of the sea, with its concomitant dangers, had been perhaps lying dormant during those years of steady money-making. But this was the time, and there was the place. The New World offered no end of "openings for a young man." The race for wealth began then, and has continued, and

somehow old Boston is left behind. Most of the trade of England at one time was with Holland, France, and Flanders, to the eastward; and consequently, when the Cape of Good Hope and America were discovered, the trade-route gradually deviated. This and the state of the Witham navigation, which was fast silting up, the dissolution of the religious houses, and the breaking up of the merchant guilds, very nearly completed the destruction of the trade of the town; so much so, that in the early part of Elizabeth's reign it was deemed necessary to take measures to prevent its "utter ruin." They tried to improve the outfall of the river; and the queen granted a charter of admiralty on the whole of the Norman Deeps. curious clause in this charter grants the power to the corporation of "punishing all persons dishonestly and maliciously rating upon every light occasion, which in English are commonly called scolds." land writing about this time says: -

Botolph's toune stondeth harde on the river of Lindis. The greate and chifiest parte of the toune is on the este side of the ryver, where is a faire market place and a crosse with a square toure. Al the buildings of this side of the toune is fayre, and marchannts duelle yn it, and a Staple of wulle is used there. There is a bridg of wood to cum over Lindis ynto this side of the toune, and a pile of stone set yn the myddle of the ryver. The streame of yt is sumtymes as swifte as it were an arrow. Mr. Paynel, a gentilman of Boston, tolde me that sins that Boston of old tyme, at the great famose fair there kept, was brent, that scant sins it ever cam to the old Glory and Riches that it had; yet sins hath it been manyfold richer then it is now. The Staple and the Stilliard houses yet ther remayne; but the Stilliard is little or nothing at all occupied.

The corporation petitioned Parliament at this time to be "put among the decayed towns." Whether this was from a consciousness of their own shortcomings and an excess of modesty, alas! unusual now in corporate bodies, or a legitimate mode of escaping an assessment, I know not. The town certainly was on the decline; and after two hundred years of comparative inactivity, measures have been taken by the leading men of the borough within the last ten or twelve years to secure some return of the business absorbed by powerful rivals. As a first step, docks - seven acres in extent - have been built, and are now in full swing. Vessels from Norway with colliery props and timber, coastingsteamers from London, and trading-steamers from the German ports, bring back an air of life and bustle. The new fleet of steam-trawlers are constantly in from the North Sea fishing-grounds, and the result is that a trade is being rapidly pushed forward with the midland towns. The position of Boston is most favorable for quick communication with Sheffield, Nottingham, and other towns, which are large consumers of German goods, fish, and Continental produce generally. On these enterprises, and the results so far, the good folk of Boston have every reason to congratulate themselves, and to presume that there will be a generous return for the money so wisely and so pluckily laid

By the part Boston played in the Civil War, admirers of "that great soul, Charles I.," as Dr. Stukeley calls him, will doubtless be shocked and grieved. On the outbreak of the war, Charles attempted to put a garrison into the town. Little sympathy was shown him, and he could not have expected much, seeing that he had

put their two members of Parliament on ! their trial at Grantham, for having sided with his opponents. On the whole, Lincolnshire was for the Parliamentarians. A newspaper of the day says: "The Cavaliers were quite cashiered in Lincolnshire. Boston was well fortified by the inhabitants, but the Earl of Lindsey intended shortly to besiege that town, owing it a great grudge for having seized some ships laden with corn from Holland, but it is believed that they will be very roughly entertained." In July, 1642, Charles remonstrated with the Bostonians for mustering and training men, and also for expressing their determination to resist any landing of forces. To this they reply: "They were not in fear of any forces coming to their town, and therefore did not conceive need of any to be sent thither. As to training of men within the borough, they conceive they have already satisfied his Majesty concerning the same." And again, when the king demands the release of prisoners: "They were shipped in a good vessel, and sent up to the Parliament; and that the king need not doubt the affections of the town, to serve him and his Parliament." His Majesty is much incensed at this, and issues warrants throughout Lincolnshire making it unlawful for any one to aid and assist "that town." A Royalist journal says: "The gentry of Lincolnshire put themselves into a posture of defence against the rebels, of whom that county was now wholly cleared, except Boston. And "except Boston," it remained to the end of the chapter. Cromwell spent the night in Boston before the battle of Winceby, and the residence of his soldiers gave a certain tone to the people; for in the "Life of Nicolas Ferrers," the Bishop of Lincoln, in 1646, writes: "I am just come from Boston, where I was used very coarsely." Charles II. made some sweeping reforms in the corporation, putting some of his own creatures in. This explains the extraordinary address voted on the discovery of the Ryehouse Plot: "They are filled with horror and amazement by that late horrid and hellish conspiracy made by persons of fanatical and republican principles." A change, indeed, from the democratic opinions expressed in former years.

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When the interest in wine and wool had ceased, and most of the trade had gone elsewhere, Boston retired, and settled ciety of Gentlemen, in one of his letters tells us: "Here is a society forming on a literary design at Boston, different from a dividing book club they had here, wherein they bought pamphlets, dined together monthly, and divided the spoil at the end of the year, which might furnish them with waste-paper until a new division came." Johnson chooses to be sarcastic. His own society, which he founded in 1710, "met at a coffee-house to pass away an hour in literary conversation and reading some new publication." They began with "The Tatler." Addison, Steele, and others corresponded with the society. "We deal," says Johnson, "in all arts and sciences, and exclude nothing from our conversation but politics, which would throw us all into confusion and disorder." Boston people held aloof. Why should they join the Spalding Society which discarded politics, when politics were the

very breath of their life? The records of the corporation throw light on the inner life of the town. It was a fairly well-to-do corporation, and certainly stinted neither itself nor its friends. Widows of aldermen with a limited income were allowed salaries. They gave their cook as large a salary as their recorder. They had their feasts at fixed periods; and celebrities were entertained now and again. They voted the freedom of the borough to Mr. Pitt, "as a public testimony of regard for his uncorrupt and honest conduct during his very short but truly honorable administration." Sir Joseph Banks, the president of the Royal Society, and a Lincolnshire man, received the same honor. They redeemed "Sir Thomas Monson's love and friendship by voting him the sum of £6 13s. 4d., "because it cannot be otherwise be gotten, though many means by friends heretofore been used for the same." They lent their "wellkyn of brasse" to Lord Clynton for "his necessaire, according to his desire." What Lord Clynton wanted this welkin for nobody knows. The mayor of 1652 spent 15s. 4d. at the Peacock, "when we went about the town seeking for vagrants and fanatics." Delightful! And the best day's work the old corporation ever did was when they "paid some musicians 1s. 4d. to rid them out of the

town." All these weighty matters had been settled in a building once the hall of the Guild of the Blessed Mary, and the only guild hall left. The place had come into down to a steady life of politics and literature in a small way. Maurice Johnson, secretary of the well-known Spalding So- Mary, and was one amongst many of the

gave them the erection lands, over two hundred acres, in order to better support the bridge and port, and establish and maintain a free grammar school. The schoolhouse was built in the following reign, and is in use at the present day. A step or two beyond the end of Spain Lane is the Town Hall, the hall of the Guild above mentioned, given up now to board meetings, university local examinations, lectures, and other "dry bones." The place is full of old associations, and many curious relics are shown to the visitor. The rooms have the familiar appearance of all board rooms. A portrait of Sir Joseph Banks, by Phillips, hangs on the walls. An old iron chest with a complication of five locks, a couple of cannon sent down for the defence of the town during the Civil War, stamped with the rose and crown and C.R., the cells of the old jail, and the old-time kitchen fireplaces where they cooked the corporation feasts, should not be missed.

The worthies of Boston, and the great names connected therewith make a long list, which I am loth to curtail. There are the Irbys, so long and honorably associated with Lincolnshire; there is John Foxe, "The Book of Martyrs," a native of the place; there is Dr. John Cotton, a name dear to all Bostonians, whether in England or in America; there are the Tilneys, a handsome race judging from Skelton's "Garlande of Laurell," for of the eleven English ladies whose beauty and virtue he sings, three belong to the family of Tilney. Whether it is the keen air of the North Sea, or the quiet, happy life they lead, or both, certainly the girls of to-day can hold their own with any English town. Reader, go and see for your-

There is limited space here for the names of Boston men who have helped to make England and Lincolnshire famous. And not the least are the Husseys. The most famous perhaps is Sir John, who, becoming high sheriff of Lincolnshire, and ambassador for Henry VIII., to treat with the Hanse towns, was raised to the peerage as Lord Hussey. He lost his head, though, and his house and lands at Boston. The latter became the property of the corporation. Nothing remains of Hussey Hall, save the foundations of the enclosure and the tower. The approach is through a woodyard, past the grammar school, where you come upon this solid piece of brick-work stranded in the middle of a field. The whirl and whir of business

benefits conferred by her Majesty. She gave them the erection lands, over two hundred acres, in order to better support the bridge and port, and establish and maintain a free grammar school. The schoolhouse was built in the following woodvard.

The memorable voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers, and their early struggles in Massachusetts, and the foundation of modern Boston, are matters of history. The story of the prosecution and flight of Dr. John Cotton, the vicar, cannot have a place here. Though it has been generally accepted that Boston received its name in compliment to Cotton, this is not the case. The name, chosen in honor of Isaac Johnson, had been adopted some three years before Cotton arrived out there in Massachusetts. The former had married the Lady Arabella, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, and went out with Atherton Hough, who had been mayor of the borough, and with Thomas Leverett, who had been an alderman. In restoring a chapel in St. Botolph's Church, and dedicating it to Cotton, the Americans paid a graceful tribute to his memory some thirty years ago. Constant communication is kept up between the towns, the mayors exchanging messages every year, besides numbers of Americans running over to see the "old place."

And to its modern aspect little space can be devoted. There are plenty of "bits" to attract the artist and the antiquary. It is picturesque with its Dutchlooking market-place, and its huge grain warehouses, down by the winding river standing memorials of Boston's better days. People are apt to run away with the idea that to see the church is to see all. Not a bit of it. There is the tidal river, and that of itself is a constant source of interest. There is the excitement of a market every Wednesday and Saturday, with crowds of farmers and flocks of sheep; and there is the steeple towering above all, like a princess among that company of fair ladies, the churches of the eastern counties. JOHN E. LOCKING. eastern counties.

From The Fortnightly Review. RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

PART V.

To some readers the curious combinations of religion and rascality, friendship and treachery, without the cement of hypocrisy, which are so conspicuous a feature of the Russian character may seem vastly amusing. They undoubtedly have the charm of novelty and are as real as they seem improbable. They suggest to our mind's eye the picture of an unimagined community, the antipodes of Plato's Utopia, and compared with which Lamb's imaginary Sydney * was a colony of stern Fabricii -

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But the phenomenon has also its serious sides, which constitute the only raison d'être of its delineation here. What, for instance, could be more terrible than the position of the boys who serve as apprentices and have to sell their souls to their masters, sometimes against their will? "Not to mention," says a publicist who has fully discussed this subject, "the boys who are in the service of the discount booksellers and are initiated into all the secrets of a swindling trade and systematically demoralized, youths who serve their time to respectable, orderly, and honest publishing firms are in a very sad plight; first frankly tempted to steal one volume from the warehouse, if the boy yields, abstracts a book and sells it to the discount bookseller, he has thereby delivered himself into his clutches for all time. He is over afterwards receiving orders to steal popular works, and, if he demurs, is threat-ened with public exposure.† This has ened with public exposure.† been going on for years - nay, from time immemorial, and to-day it is the broad rule, not the exception. "It was proved in court," the St. Petersburg press remarks, "that the practices of Semenoff (a bookseller tried a few months ago for theft) represent the usual procedure of our discount booksellers.";

There are probably more beggars in Russia alone than in all the rest of Europe taken together, a goodly number of whom are men of considerable means who might live in absolute comfort, but prefer to lead a wandering life, putting by from 8s. to 10s. a day; § while healthy men and boys are deprived of their eyesight, horribly mutilated and barbarously deformed by monsters called "leaders," with whom they conclude a business compact before exposing themselves in the markets, fairs, and bazaars of their empire to the gaze and the pity of the people. There is

quite enough real poverty and misery in the country without simulating more. Famine, for instance, like cholera in India, is perennial, killing off as many wretches as any epidemic. The peasants bestir themselves to alleviate the suffering they cannot remedy - the government never does - but at the same time they actively assist scheming speculators to baulk their own humane intentions, and they shake their shanties with Homeric laughter at the cleverness of the trick. Thus an enterprising sharper who contracted lately with the Sarapulsky Zemstro to distribute to the needy peasants a fixed quantity of corn for seed, of which he actually possessed but a fractional part, distributed what he owned many times over, getting it back each time, and keeping it for himself in the end, satisfying the easy-going peasants and realizing a considerable sum of money by the operation.* For the key to conduct of this kind we need not look further than cupidity on the one side and hebetude on the other; there are thousands of cases, however, which seem psychologically explicable only on the assumption of inherited kleptomania, a theory frequently relied on by Russian medical experts and still more frequently by Russian juries. It would certainly seem to cover the conduct of the public who visit and read in the library of Samara, who are publicly accused in the local press of shamelessly stealing whatever books they can lay hands on. The remedy proposed by the aggrieved director seems to favor that theory and is evidently based on the view of theft embodied in the proverb cited above, for he requests the visitors to the library "to spy upon each other," in the interests of all.† The same distressing ailment, inherited from their parents, doubtless drove the band of volunteer thieves of the district of Slavyanoserbsk - many of whom were in affluent circumstances - to execute all the robberies traditionally associated with successful fairs, markets, and bazaars; ‡ nor need one ask for any more satisfactory explanation of the extensive thefts that were lately committed at the Kieff flower-show, numbers of "respectable" visitors stowing away the "rare and beautiful flowers in their cylinder hats and dress improvers." §

The government, which contemplates

^{* &}quot;And tell me what your Sydneyites do? Are they thieving all day long? Merciful heaven!"
† Novoye Vremya, 21st October, 1839.
‡ Novoye Vremya, 24th May, 1889. For another curious case of robbery by a bookseller see Novoye Vremya, 4th October, 1889.
§ Massenger of the Volga, 22nd June, 1888.

|| Yaroslavsky Governmental Gazette, October, 1888.

Novoye Vremya, 9th August, 1888; Messenger of the Volga, August, 1888.
 † Gazette of Samara, December, 1887; Novosti, January 1st, 1888.
 † Northern Messenger, January, 1889.

these unerring symptoms of moral paralysis with a contented eye, has nevertheless had striking proofs of the practical inconveniences which it is calculated to cause in times of great national crisis. Thus the colossal web of knavishness and villainy, spun by the lords of high places during the Russo-Turkish war, in which the meanest soldiers were caught and had their life-blood sucked out by the bloated human spiders for whom they were recklessly risking their lives, was within an ace of occasioning a national disaster. Such conspiracies of the shepherds against their sheep are as common in Russia as snowstorms in winter. They pass unnoticed in foreign countries, or if spoken of are contradicted "semi-officially" by the Journal de St. Pétersbourg, and people not knowing whom to believe shrug their shoulders and pass on. Who in England paid any attention to the extensive frauds on the treasury and on special funds reserved for benevolent purposes, committed by high functionaries of State, on the discovery of which the late minister of the interior, M. Makoff, wound up his accounts with the world by shooting himself in his chambers one night? Yet the comparison. The Grand Railway Company of Russia, "sanctioned by the Most High," as the czar is officially described, is affirmed by the principal newspaper in Russia to have defrauded the public during several years past of twelve million roubles.* The Novosti informs us that the Volga Steam Navigation Company have been giving large dividends to shareholders, thanks to the frauds which they have been practising upon the government for several years past, and which now amount to several millions.

Prom the days of the Hansa down to the present, Russia's commercial and political reputation among foreigners has lost nothing only because it had nothing to lose. A certain limited, working confi-dence based upon obvious mutual interests, without which all social intercourse would be impossible, has necessarily been exhibited by foreign merchants and governments from time to time. But even this shadow of a good name has been repeatedly realized to the last farthing, until the word Russia is becoming synonymous with qualities subversive of everything implied by relations of trade, commerce, and friendship. Examples abound. Rus-

sian kerosene, for instance, is looked upon by English purchasers with "misgivings," as we learn from the Russian consul at Hull,* whose countrymen found no better way to retrieve their lost reputation than by damaging that of a competitor, making thousands of tin cans in all respects identical with those used by American firms, filling them with wretched stuff and flooding therewith the markets of central and southern Europe, where they were bought, sold, and condemned as first-class American kerosene. † In Brazil Russian canvas for sails is being "boycotted," while the French and English material is eagerly purchased, because "conscientiously" pared.‡ In Belgium Russian timber has no chance in the competition with Norwegian, Swedish, Hungarian, for the same reason.§ As to flax, any quantity of it would, we are officially assured, be accepted gladly, if only honestly sorted and sold. "At present, however," adds the Russian representative, in his latest report to his government, "in the cases containing flax from Russia you can almost always find stones, old ropes, etc., which add greatly to the weight and spoil the quality of the merchandise. It is owing to this diamond necklace fraud was a joke in fraud that Russian flax fetches only half the price of the inferior qualities of the Belgian article." || Official complaints on this head have been received by the Russian authorities from Lille, Leeds, Dundee, and other European cities, much as they used to be received from the Hanseatic cities of the fourteenth century. Even Russian eggs in England fetch forty per cent. less than eggs from other countries of the Continent, merely because, being Russian, they are believed to be everything else which this fatal word implies.

But the staple export of Russia as an agricultural country is corn, of which Great Britain is a purchaser to the extent of about six millions sterling. Yet the manipulations to which that corn, excel-

^{*} Report of the Russian Consul in Hull, 25th March,

[†] I have reason to believe that a complaint on this subject was addressed to the Russian authorities by the

United States government.

‡ Report of Russian Legation in Brazil; Rio de Janeiro, 25th February, 1889.

§ Report of M. Ratmanoff of the Russian, Legation

[§] Report of M. Katmanon of the Russian, Logarian in Brussels.

| Ibid. The Russian Department of Agriculture admits that "Archangel, in consequence of the distrust entertained towards it by foreign manufacturers, has lost all importance as an export port for flax." (Journal of Kazan, 9th November, 1837.) The same fate, adds that journal, is sure to overtake Riga.

| ¶ Cf. Official Messenger of Finances, N. 19. Article entitled "The Egg Export Trade."

^{*} Novoye Vremya, 28th August, 1888. † Novosti, 9th May, 1889.

lent by nature, is subjected before it reaches this country would seem incredible were they not vouched for by the most trustworthy authorities in Russia, and evident to all corndealers of the world. It is no easy thing to believe, and yet we have it on the undisputed authority of all parties concerned, that the corn exporters of the city of Liban had the coolness to request the authorities of the Public Corn Warehouse of Yelets to sell them the sweepings that remained over after the sorting of the oats, which consisted "of earth, husks, unripe grainless ears, fine tares, and pigweed," in order, as they honestly explained, to mix them with the oats to be exported to England. The warehouse authorities refused to be a party to this fraud, but the exporters, who insisted and based their request on the obstinate "refusal of British importers to purchase oats without the admixture of compost," obtained elsewhere about one hundred thousand poods (about twentyfive hundred bushels) of what the official corn-broker and representative of the government terms "unadulterated manure," with which they humored the fabulous caprices of their English customers.* According to a Russian expert, who has lately published his views on the matter, the net gain to the complaisant exporters on this commercial operation was one hundred per cent. He assures his countrymen that this practice goes on at all times and places in the empire, "otherwise," he explains, "our corn export offices would not be found everywhere in such a prosperous condition." †

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The official agent of the Russian ministry of finance in London timidly informs his chief that the quality of Russian oats is "so inferior to the samples that the importers are compelled to cut down the covenanted price as much as 9d. a quarter, and that this deduction is often increased to 1s. 6d. a quarter.‡ In 1886 some of the largest importing firms of England consulted together and resolved to avoid as much as possible purchasing barley from Russia on the ground that in the consignments of barley sent from Odessa to England, a large quantity of earth was added.§

Declaration of the Correspondent of the Ministry of Finances of Graschdanin, 12th April, 1889. All the Russian papers have discussed this subject ad nauseam. Last winter the demand for this manure to make the blend so agreeable to Englishmen was so great that prices rose to 8d. a bushel.

1 Novoye Vremya, 11th September, 1889.

2 Report of Agent of Ministry of Finances in London, 6th April, 1889.

3 Cf. Kasan Newsletter, 9th November, 1887.

This is the highway of Russian commercial practice, of which the driest of official documents are the milestones. Whither it leads seems to interest least the persons whom it most nearly concerns. Lack of faith in Russian honesty, lack of trust in gaseous promises explains why so many foreigners have themselves gone to Russia to develop the resources of the country; why the linen and cotton of Poland are driving those of the Moscow factories even from the home markets; why the timber trade is managed by Englishmen, and the kerosene trade has fallen into the hands of a Swede and a foreign Iew. But even in Russia the shrewdest foreigner, assisted by native talent, is not always able to avoid falling into the innumerable snares spread on all sides of him. The laws are usually as powerless to help him as if they were written in dust or on the sand of the ebbing sea. The following typical instance of what traders - native and foreign - have to expect will astonish only those who have practically no knowl-

edge of Russia or the Russians. Last year the Berlin Timber Company floated down the Dnieper-Berg Canal an immense quantity of timber purchased It was overtaken by the for £30,000. frosts of winter and remained imbedded in the ice. The company were compelled to wait till spring, and meanwhile their agent, Herr Kuntze, came up periodically to inspect it. The first time he saw it he found everything in order; the second visit was equally satisfactory; but the sight that met his eyes when he arrived the third time made his hair stand on end; the timber, he found, belonged no longer to his company but to a few obscure and utterly indigent Russian Jews. Kuntze appealed to the authorities, consulted with the lawyers, but all of them declared, having been made acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, that the timber had slipped from the hands of the Berlin Company and would What hapnever legally return to them. pened was this: The logs being marked B., a famished creature named Begoon profited by the accident of his name also beginning with that letter. He simulated a quarrel with a beggar friend, to whom he pretended he owed one hundred thou-sand roubles. They referred the matter to a mock arbiter, and then asked the District Court to enforce his decision namely, that B.'s property be sold and the proceeds given to his creditor. The order was made with unusual promptitude by the court, and the creditor having pointed out

the frozen timber as portion of the Jewish beggar's property, it was forthwith sold for trifling sums to some friends of the two starvelings.

Herr Kuntze was as pale as a sheet [says the sympathizing publicist], his advisers excited, and the Crown lawyers sympathetic, but as, according to our law, there was neither crime nor criminal, no earthly power could avail to have the timber restored. One issue there is, and only one: Herr Kuntze might take a civil action and after endless delays might obtain judgment against the paupers for £30,000 and costs; but then he himself, found guilty of injuring the reputation of Begoon and his friends, who are legally innocent of any crime, would have to go to prison in consequence.*

Fraudulent bankruptcy is as much a recognized institution in Russian trade as credit, the Russians belonging to that class of persons whom Sir Philip Sidney described as "delighting more in giving of presents than in paying their debts." Most traders look upon it as the haven of safety into which they may run from stress of hard times; and even creditors, whose point of view is naturally quite different, regard it as a necessary evil and treat defaulting debtors accordingly. Thus it happens that a man who has performed what he deems his duty to himself and family by deliberately refusing to pay his creditors more than a few pence in the pound, sets up in business the day after it has been accepted, and is soon again trusted for considerable sums by those very persons whom he lately victimized. Thus some time ago a man named Liever -a wholesale colonial merchant - suddealy disappeared just when pay day arrived and his creditors sent in their bills. It was supposed that he had been foully murdered or had met with an accidental death. As it turned out afterwards, he was taking his ease at one of the railway stations, whence he opened negotiations with a view to bring about an amicable arrangement with his creditors, and when satisfactory results rewarded his perspicacity and duplicity, he returned to Odessa and began anew. That this did not hinder him from receiving credit again is plain from the statement of the Moscow Gazette that he had just failed once more for one hundred thousand roubles.†

It would require a volume rather than a

review article to convey anything like an adequate idea of the singular methods employed by Russian merchants to supplement the proverbial slowness and meagreness of trade profits. They would seem to exhaust the possibilities of naiveté and criminality, nothing being too grotesque, nothing too dangerous to tempt their cupidity. A well-known merchant of Kieff thought it merely a clever stroke of policy to bribe all the telegraph messengers to bring him every telegram addressed to the business men in whose speculations he was interested. He paid one rouble per telegram, and having read, copied, and resealed them, he sent them to the consignees and used the information thus acquired for his own ends. He profited by this trustworthy source of information for two years, and would probably have continued to profit by it till his death, had the conspiracy not been discovered—by the merest accident.* The Exchange Committee of Odessa—a body of men obliged by the trusted position which they occupy to be above all considerations of a sordid nature - was found to quote the fluctuations of Russian funds so inaccurately as to cause bitter complaints to be made by the press as well as by the representatives of commerce. A year and a half ago an official request was addressed to the persons responsible reminding them that their duty is "to announce the quotations correctly, irrespective of the consideration whether anybody's interests are affected thereby." † "The main evil of Russian society," says one of the govern-ment organs, "is that it suffers from complete, absolute dissoluteness, recognizes no moral discipline, and has practically emancipated itself from duty." ‡ At the trial of a railway servant for robbery, the prisoner - as is usual in such cases confessed the facts rather than his guilt, and stated frankly, as a thing of course, that all the railway servants robbed, and that robbery was thoroughly organized along the line, some stealing only manufactured goods, others leather wares, and others again corn, and so on, the rules of honor forbidding those who devoted themselves to the robbery of one species of property to encroach upon the domain of the others.§

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The universality of these lax views of the rights of property, which in Russians

^{*} The Week (Niedielya), 27th August, 1889; Novoye

Vremya, 28th August, 1889.
† Moscow Gazette, 2nd February, 1888. For another curious case, see Novoye Vremya, 1st March,

^{*} Kieff Word, 17th April, 1888. † Odessa newspapers passim, 10th, 11th 12th June, 1888.

[‡] Graschdanin, 6th October, 1889. § Novoye Vremya. 26th November, 1888.

are not identical with what we are wont to understand by criminal dishonesty, explains, though it does not justify, the feeling at one time freely expressed by the Austrian and, I believe, German press, that certain of the official representatives of the empire must be as typical of the shortcomings of their countrymen as they obviously are of their good points. Now such vague and general arguments are apt to break down when subjected to serious criticism, and should never have been relied upon to support the sweeping accusations brought, for instance, against the present minister of finance, especially by the Austrian press, which reproduced strange rumors, dragged long-forgotten stories to light, and vamped up old anecdotes verified by no one, as soon as his nomination to the post he occupies was made known. The circumstances that M. Vyshnegradsky rose from the ranks like many great and good men, that pedagogy, his calling, is one of the least remunerative in Russia, that he changed irksome poverty into abundant riches rapidly, mysteriously, as by a magician's wand or an Aladdin's lamp, have no direct bearing on the question. Nor are the most circumstantial stories of shady practices conclusive evidence in Russia, where a good name is as superfluous as the qualities elsewhere needed to acquire it. More important than all this, though not by any means a clinching argument, is the undeniable fact that some years ago the doors of certain of the ministries were ignominiously closed to the man who now represents the finances of the empire. I am personally acquainted with high officials who, without laying claim to exclusive or singular integrity, felt it incumbent upon them to deny him admittance to the departments under their direction, in the interests of the government, its servants, and public integrity. Whatever species or degree of commercial cleverness this fact may imply is all that this writer can. with justice and truth, allow to be imputed to the present minister of finance.

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These things, which need no commentary, throw a light on the manners and maxims of the Russian people, which, were it not the direct outcome of undisputed facts, would seem too lurid to be credible to any but their staunchest friends or most malignant enemies. Nothing less convincing than a knowledge of these and similar facts — which are legion — could hinder an unprejudiced foreigner from largely discounting such sweeping statements as those made by Professor Kitarry,

who in his lectures on commerce thus characterizes his countrymen: "Extortion and fraud have become the flesh and blood of the Russian trading class - to such an extent, indeed, that an honest man cannot remain in that calling; he will be inevitably seduced in the long run, and little by little will himself become a model for others." One of the latest of many curious exemplifications of the second portion of this assertion occurred a few months ago, when the salt of the earth, as it were, lost its savor. No one needs to be told that no more honest people than the Finns breathe the air of Europe. Yet the Russian press unanimously informs us that the exemplary Finnish Railway Company of St. Petersburg-Halsingfors has lately been detected using false weights for the purpose of cheating the public who forward goods by that line, and that up to the time of the discovery, last April, they had succeeded in thus wrongfully appropriating thirty thousand roubles.† So true is it that, as the Arabic proverb expresses it, he who passes through the onions or their peel will surely smell of

At the same time it should be remembered that there are whole communities in Russia, religious bodies separated from the Orthodox Church, but composed of genuine Russians, which are characterized to a man by the strictest integrity, whose word is a bond, and whose commercial dealings with their fellowmen are dictated by profound respect for the altruistic precepts and counsel of the Gospel. Take, for instance, the so-called Sarepta Brotherhood, whose headquarters are in the Volga district, and who do a large business in St. Petersburg in the mustard, yarn, and woollen trades. These people are to Russia, in respect of honesty and single-mindedness, exactly what the Society of Friends was and still is to England and America. The same thing may be said of the thousands, nay, of the tens of thousands of sectarians, called Molokani, Stundists, Pashkovites, behind whose year and nay one need never trouble to intrude, and to whose promise alone one may ten-To trade with such men is der a receipt. a genuine pleasure, and to proclaim their existence - which is little less than heroic in Russia - a highly agreeable duty.

No man with the interests of humanity

Memoir presented to the Minister of the Interior by order of his Majesty the Emperor concerning the Jewish Question, p. 33. † St. Petersburg Leastet, 12th April, 1889; Novoye Vremya, 13th April, 1889; Graschdamin, 19th April, 1889, etc.

at heart will hear without profound regret, | He then continued his researches into the be he Christian or atheist, that the religion which has effected this almost miraculous change in the Russian character is systematically proscribed and persecuted by the government. Fortunately, Russian laws, which are calculated to render life an intolerable burden, are not generally obeyed nor strictly enforced. The people, adopting Frederick the Great's magnanimity towards the press, would say of their government, that "it may say and write what it likes, on condition that we do what we like," and thus religious sects founded on the Gospel of Christ are rapidly increasing, and with them the number of men and women who put honesty above sordid gain and the momentary gratifica-

tion of petty malice.

Chief among the oases of honesty consisting of Dissenters, naturalized foreigners, Russians educated abroad, and others, one naturally expects to find the intellectual class of the population, the natural pillars of society. Russia, however, is the country of surprises, and even these leaders of men, when weighed in the balances are found sadly wanting. Thus, one of the best known littérateurs in Russia, a frank, wordy writer of independent judgment, whose name at times is not unknown to some of the readers of the Fortnightly Review, owes his first introduction to the republic of letters to a daring theft which he committed on one of its presidents. As for the representatives of the press, no characteristic of them which satisfied the exigencies of truth would fulfil the conditions of credibility unless the grounds for the opinion were first set forth in detail. The most popular newspaper in Russia is the Novoye Vremya, and its proprietor and irresponsible editor, M. Suvorin, has with impunity been made the subject of accusations which in any other country would either brand his name with infamy or send his accusers to prison.* In Russia it has done neither.

The following illustration of the honesty of scientific men is too suggestive to be withheld. The eighth edition of a complete dictionary of 115,000 foreign words incorporated into the Russian language was lately published in St. Petersburg. A gentleman bought it and counted the words. There were only 20,681, or less than one-sixth of the promised number!

Compared with such extraordinary doings, plagiarism, far from unknown even in Great Britain, sinks to the level of a mere peccadillo. Still Russian plagiarism would seem to belong to a different species from that prevalent in other countries. In England, for instance, the thought, passage, description appropriated without acknowledgment, but seldom without modification, is to the whole work in which it appears as a dewdrop to the ocean. In Russia whatever is plagiarized is rarely transformed, being usually offered with its merits and blemishes just as it stands, for whatever it will fetch in the market. Last year Dr. Von Cyon, late professor of physiology in the Medicochirurgical Academy of St. Petersburg, and a friend of the late M. Katkoff, published in Berlin a complete edition of his works,† among which is to be found an interesting research on the influence of change of temperature upon certain nerves of the heart, written, not by him, but by a M. Tarkhanoff.‡ "I do not," says the real author in a letter to the press, "set any great value on this investigation as distinguishing it from my other scientific works; but I have no right, I think, to pass over this act of Dr. Cyon's in silence, considering its important bearing upon

* Novoye Vremya, 10th June, 1888, etc. † Gesammelte physiologische Arbeiten; Berlin, 1888;

history of this work, compiled by MM. Bourdon and Michelsohn, and dragged the following curious facts into the light of day. All the editions of this precious dictionary, which is the standard work on the subject, are revised and enlarged. came out in 1873 for the first time as the fifth edition, promising the explanation of 30,000 words for 21 roubles. A year later the fourth edition was published, in which 32,000 words were said to be etymologically interpreted for the same price. 1875 the sixth edition appeared, and the price was reduced to 14 roubles, while the number of words remained the same. In 1883 the ninth edition saw the light, and was sold for 4 roubles, and finally the last and best edition, namely the eighth (after the ninth), was brought out in 1888, in which 115,000 words are said to be analyzed and explained for 5 roubles, whereas in reality only one-sixth of the promised number is to be found, and one-third of the number said to be explained in the cheapest edition that cost but 14 roubles.*

^{*} Odessa Messenger, 22nd February, 1887; cf. also St. Petersburg Novosti, February, 1887. It is fair to say that personally I believe that if the case were tried in a Russian court of justice, M. Suvorin would be unhesitatingly acquitted of the charge.

pp 138-143. ‡ Novoye Vremya, January, 1888, and St. Peters-burg Journal (Russian), 25th January, 1888.

the picture of contemporary scientific morals." A similar "accident" has happened this year to M. Tolmakoff, who, according to the Moscow Gazette, stole exactly ten-elevenths of his dissertation on the "History of Apiculture." † Another case occurred a few months previously of so extraordinary a nature that some of the daily newspapers actually alluded to it in anger. "The Russian professor," says the Svett, one of the organs of the Slavonic Society, " works in the field of science just enough to obtain his degrees, to seize upon comfortable positions, lucrative chairs, and remunerative tuitions, and then lives jovially ever after, teaching anything and anyhow. Hence it comes to pass that, although our universities are provided with hundreds of professors, we have extremely few genuine workers in the field of science. Lately a revolting instance of this exploitation of science occurred in the St. Petersburg University." It then goes on to relate how Professor Morozoff published a book on the history of the Russian drama, the best portions of which were surreptitiously taken from the rare work of a Moscow professor, whose name he deliberately ignored. For this production he demanded the degree of doctor, and was on the point of obtaining it, when the fraud was discovered. "What are the students to do now?" asks the journal in conclusion. "Will M. Morozoff remain in the university as professor, and how will his colleagues look upon the plagiarism?" ‡ Professor Morozoff has remained at his post, and is still there, contributing according to his lights to bring up the young generation in the way they should go. His colleagues are mortal, and as such liable, like him, to err; "instead, therefore, of casting the first stone at an erring brother," one of them said to me in conversation at the time, "each of us can say with a feeling of humanity -

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Nihil humani a me alienum puto."

Russian lawyers as a body have not the shadow of a claim to be considered as exceptions to the general rule; they are emphatically of their age and country. In the report issued by the Council of the St. Petersburg bar for the year ending in March, 1888, consisting of one hundred and thirteen pages, eighty-eight are taken

up with the enumeration of the disciplinary pains and penalties inflicted en famille upon members of the bar for misconduct. If we ask in what this misconduct consists, the report answers "in irregularities in money matters between them and their clients; in insults offered to their clients, their opponents, their colleagues; in the breach of the professional duties of a lawyer; in desertion to the side of their clients' opponents; in acts of fraud, such as abuse of confidence, operations injurious to the financial interests of their clients' creditors," * etc., etc. I translate the following case, chosen by the press as most typical of these reprehensible doings, not adding a word nor excising an expression: -

The Libau Romensky Railway Company were condemned to pay M. Z. 735 roubles damages for bodily injuries, and a monthly pension of fifteen roubles. The lawyer appropriated these sums to his own use, on which the client's wife appealed to another lawyer, M., entreating him to persuade Z. to hand over the sums in question. M. acquitted himself of this mission with success, but as it was afterwards proved, on the hearing of Z.'s suit, knavishly seized upon twenty roubles (£2), his alleged expenses for a journey to Moscow—a journey which he never made. It would be difficult to discover a sorrier piece of fraud, which not even every salesman would perpetrate. And yet the Council passed a resolution merely to administer a caution to this petty knave among lawyers.†

The following scene in a law court cannot fail to prove interesting to English readers, as characteristic of various things and people besides Russian lawyers:—

A lad accused of stealing a cow endeavored to secure the services of a lawyer to defend him, and in the course of the negotiations admitted that he did commit the theft, "accidentally somehow." The lawyer named the fee for which his services were to be had, and higgled with the lad a long time before they both agreed upon seventy-five roubles (about £7 10s.). The day of the trial arrived. The accused appeared in court guarded. The counsel for the defence, knowing that his client was heretofore at liberty, was somewhat surprised at this, but accounted for it by supposing that the court had later on ordered him to be kept in custody. The court, however, turning to the prisoner, asked, "Accused, why are you guarded?" "I was caught in the act of stealing." "What! Before being acquitted of one theft you have already committed another?" "What was I to do, your Excellency? He—the counsel, I mean—demanded seventy-five roubles for

^{*} Ibid.

* Moscow Gazette, 5th August, 1889; Novoye Vremya, 7th August, 1889.

\$ Svett, 1st November, 1888.

^{*} Cf. Novoye Vremya, 10th May, 1888. † Novoye Vremya, 10th May, 1888.

One can never guard too carefully against the strong temptation to generalize with which every writer upon nations and classes has to contend, and it is in the nature of things that accusations levelled against numerous corporations of men should be received with caution. Here, however, it is not a question of accusing individuals, much less whole classes of men; if anything, it is rather an indirect attempt to excuse them. It would be singularly exceptional, however, not to say miraculous, if a corporation, recently and accidentally called into existence in a society which has never stratified itself like other European communities, should profess and practice a system of ethics radically different from that adopted by the great bulk of the nation. The facts already detailed go far to prove the truth of this thesis. That these, of which they are but a specimen, are equally conclusive, is evident, among other things, from the following characteristic of Russian lawyers deliberately given by the most patriotic (in a Pan-Russian sense) and most popular newspaper in the empire: -

Perpetually occupied with money matters and financial interests, though completely lacking all respectability and moral footing, the contemporary jurisconsult of the corporation of lawyers falls more quickly than a prostitute strolling through the streets. . . . In need of profitable practice, of which there is a dearth just now, the modern jurist makes up for want of practice either by masked robbery, the levying of blackmail, or by forgery of financial documents.†

Magistrates, who in Russia discharge certain of the functions reserved in this country to judges, are on the whole the most high-principled men in the empire. Their position is as difficult as a suspicious public, a distrustful government, exacting and unscrupulous patrons, and frequent penury can make it. That they are not all as spotless as was Andrew Marvell under greater temptations, is natural; that so many of them have kept clear of open venality deserves far more credit than it has heretofore received. The following sketch represents one of those magistrates who scorn to lay themselves open to the charge of corruption, and yet in the interest of self-preservation would fain act upon the proverb which says that "Un-

defending me. Where was I to get this less you stoop, you cannot gather mush-money from?"* It is taken from a St. Petersburg government journal: -

> A day never passes that this magistrate's district vassals do not bring in their offerings. But Ivan Veroffeitch* is guided in such cases by thorough disinterestedness. For instance, a peasant brings him a wether. The magistrate exclaims proudly, "I accept nothing gratis. Sophia (to the housekeeper), pay him 4½." Ten ducks are presented to him, and the instructs his Sophia to the normal and the instructs his Sophia to the page 1. he instructs his Sophia to pay 3d., and the transaction is blameless in the eye of the law.†

In the Kratoyaksky district (government of Kharkoff) the entire Court of Appeal was brought up for trial some time ago on a charge - which was substantiated in court - of organizing trumpery cases against the railway company, drilling the witnesses and inducing them to commit perjury, and on the basis of that evidence pronouncing unjust judgments against innocent persons of means, for the sake of a paltry two hundred pounds to be divided among all the members of this numerous conspiracy.‡ M. Franzia, magistrate of Ooglitch, who is also a publican, had no scruple to prosecute a rival publican for some imaginary offence, and to try the case himself. The depositions of the witnesses, although favorable to the prisoner, did not prevent this publican-judge and plaintiff from condemning his rival to three months' imprisonment, or from artfully compelling him to sign a document in which he waives his right to appeal.§ M. Volkoff, president of the Court of Appeal of the first instance, in Vinnitsa (government of Podolia) made a profession of selling justice — or injustice — to the highest bidders. His secretary kept by him a sheaf of receipt forms for loans, ready signed, and whenever a lawsuit arose that seemed to give promise of profits, this gentleman would call on one of the two parties, and having received what he considered a fair sum of money, would write a receipt for it then and there, setting forth the date and the sum received. spite of these and innumerable other instances, however, it would be impossible to find a less corrupt body of men in Russia, and in seeking the explanation of this curious phenomenon, it would be extremely ungracious to lay too much stress on the abject poverty of the vast majority

^{*} Diary of Saratoff, November, 1887: also Novoye

Vremya, 12th November, 1887.
† Novoye Vremya, 30th August, 1889.

^{*} An imaginary name but a real person.
† Graschdanin, 29th August, 1888.
2 Novoye Vremya, 5th December, 1888. Cf. also
Swett, 12th December, 1888.
§ St. Petersburg Russian Journal, 21st October,
1887.

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also ober, the indifference of the press to any but the most signal cases of glaring corruption.

The reputation of the rural courts for integrity leaves far more to be desired than that of the magistrates' courts, though even here the scale of judicial decisions is conducted with a certain rude dignity which excludes that higgling and bargaining which is of the essence of all commercial transactions in Russia. "In the public-house," says the Graschdanin, "justice is administered, or rather sold, and the court purchased. . . . If you have recourse to the rural court without treating the judges to vodka, were your case incarnate justice and as spotless as the driven snow, it will become as black as a coal. Right will be found on the side of the gallon of spirits." *

It may be permissible to apply to the Courts of Orphans in Russia the strong but well-merited epithets used of the house of prayer in Jerusalem, and describe them as dens of thieves. The thefts committed in the Orphans' Courts, however, are explicable, excusable, almost justifiable; they are certainly quite as much a constituent part of the salary of the officials as pourboires are of the perquisites of the unsalaried waiters in large Continental hotels. The head of a department, for instance, whose office is permanent, who gives all his time to the work, and is practically precluded from seeking other sources of incomes, receives a very paltry salary for one through whose hands pass hundreds of thousands of roubles yearly, and who is compelled to pay fancy prices for food, lodging, firewood, etc. This salary is 8s. a month. His assistants receive about 4s., all told. No one will therefore be surprised to hear that these paltry shillings are made to go as far as the loaves and fishes of the Gospel miracle; they purchase comfortable lodgings, excellent board and clothing for a numerous family, government scrip, country houses, and a competence in old age.†

No boy can pass through any of the government grammar schools, or such high schools as the Lycæum, Law School, or Corps des Payes, without purchasing the good-will of his masters and frequently of his directors. I know scores of chil-

of suitors in the magisterial courts or on | dren whose parents pay yearly bribes to a little army of pedagogues, and I am acquainted with some parents who will never cease to rue the day when they resolved to set their faces against it. The Russian army has been praised by all the nations of the world, and deservedly so, and yet mere knowledge can no more qualify you to pass the examination for a commission than an Englishman's abstract right to become a member of Parliament can procure him a seat in the House of Commons. A friend of mine, whose intellectual gifts were as brilliant as his means were limited, set about entering the army a few years ago. He proposed to pass his examination loyally, not to purchase immunityto imitate Arago, whose profound knowledge compelled the respect of hostile examiners. He confided his intention to a friend of his, who was an officer and an examiner, from whom, however, he received but cold comfort. No exception, he was told, could be made in his case, the utmost he could expect was to receive a considerable reduction in the prices. He was presented with the tariff containing these reductions, the literal translation of which is as follows: *-

Subjects.				Price. Roubles.
Artillery				300
Fortification				200
Tactics .				200
Topography				150
Administration	n			25
Military law		0		250
Trigonometrical survey				25
Russian langu	age †			
History † .				
Chemistry ‡				
Christian doct	rine			60
Statistics §				
Mathematics				200
Foreign langu	ages †			
	natur		-	

Far more significant, however, than whole volumes of illustrative instances is the view taken of them by public opinion. Is dishonesty indignantly condemned; are those guilty of it rigorously excluded from such society as there is, their names gibbeted as a warning to others, and the application of legal pains and penalties

of the subject.

^{*} Cf. also Swett, 20th March, 1889, in which the curious ways of selling justice in open court are de-

t Cf. for instance, Graschdanin, 25th January, 1889. This, however, is a notorious act, admitting of no manner of doubt.

^{*} The original of this naif document is in the possession of the editor of this review.

[†] As the teachers of these subjects were not military

T As the teachers of these subjects were not military men, special arrangements had to be made with them.

The examiner in chemistry was above bribery, nothing but genuine knowledge passing current with him. He made many heroic—and almost Quixotic—efforts to suppress the bribery system; but it would have been as feasible to suppress autocracy itself.

For statistics nothing was demanded but an inkling of the avisetics.

offenders with pity tinctured with that selfish hodie-tibi-cras-mihi foreboding with which old men receive the news of the death even of a stranger? Public opinion is practically non-existent in Russia. As the empress Catherine truly observed to Princess Dashkoff in one of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," "Russia has no more voice than a whale." Still such unmistakable indications as do exist leave no doubt whatever that the average Russian is unconscious of anything criminal in dishonesty and double-dealing, and would feel it a hardship were he hindered from indulging therein. In a former paper we saw that robbery, aggravated by burglary and envenomed with the worst kind of ingratitude, was treated by the victim as a sort of practical joke which could not be permitted to come between him and his friendship for the thief. We have seen that the public press and the authorities have nothing worse than a good-natured smile for the story of wholesale robberies committed by the Courts of Orphans, as long as they do not attain the dimensions of a national scandal; and we have also seen that the Council of the Bar of St. Petersburg considered a fraternal caution punishment enough for a colleague guilty of embezzlement under circumstances which in this country would have caused him to be speedily disbarred by the benchers and imprisoned by the magistrates. The annals of every Russian court of justice abound in similar instances. postman burns thousands of letters in the course of several years for the sake of the few stamps he steals from them. He is arrested, tried, and he confesses. But the jury acquit him. Last year T. Tschentsoff, a lackey in whom his master had unbounded confidence, realized his reputation for honesty by abstracting at various times during the twelvemonth thirty thousand roubles, and losing them at a cardtable in one of the clubs. He was tried on the 4th of April of the present year, when he pleaded guilty, confessing the details of the theft. Yet the jury found him innocent.* On the 26th of June last, in the enlightened city of Kieff, a woman was tried for robbery. The case was simplicity itself. She had been arrested red-handed, with the objects in her possession. She was known, moreover, to be a notorious professional thief. Yet the jury saw so little that was reprehensible in her acts,

applauded? Or do people look upon such offenders with pity tinctured with that selfish hodie-tibi-cras-mihi foreboding with which old men receive the news of the death even of a stranger? Public opinion is practically non-existent in Russia. As the empress Catherine truly observed to

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An equally clear indication is afforded by the press and the morals of its most accredited and trusted representatives, which must necessarily seem inexplicable to those Europeans who treat journalism as a priesthood, requiring a special vocation and calling into play the noblest. qualities of head and heart. Such persons' sense of the fitness of things must receive a very severe shock at the thought that a vulgar thief, who emerges from the cells of a filthy prison, where for a twelvemonth he has herded with the scum of the earth, at once joins the ranks of this modern priesthood, is received with open arms, and forthwith sets about ministering to the spiritual wants of his fellowmen, letting that light shine before them which was so long under the bushel of a prison. In Russia such a spectacle is neither striking nor incongruous. Nay, such a journalist is as great a stickler for his honor as if he were a spotless Bayard.

The correspondent of the Odessa Messenger at Orgheieff, we read, S. Goldberg, described as having been frequently tried and found guilty of theft, is about to enter an action for libel against the editor of the New Russian Telegraph. M. Goldberg is desirous of proving publicly that he did not steal the goloshes of M. Trikolitch, and that he was not frequently found guilty of theft, but only once, for which he was imprisoned for eleven months and twenty days. Moreover, M. Goldberg threatens to publish a series of letters in his organ, the Odessa Messenger, to show that he was on the staff not only of the Messenger and of the New Russian Telegraph, but also of several other journals.†

Now, if this were an isolated fact, it would nevertheless imply a degree of ethical slovenliness in the representatives of the Russian press which could scarcely co-exist with the general prevalence in the nation of universally accepted views of morality. But it is not an isolated fact, but one of daily occurrence. Another journal published in St. Petersburg, discussing the morality of the Russian press and the antecedents of its representative men, remarks, "There are vast numbers of cases in which the editor is perfectly

^{*} Graschdanin, 5th April, 1889; cf. also other Petersburg newspapers of same date.

^{*} Odessa papers of the 15th October, 1887. † Graschdanin, 25th January, 1888.

well aware that a certain member of his staff is a thorough going rascal." "Why do you not dismiss him?" you ask. "He is a man of talents," you are answered. "But he is not an honest man," you insist. "What's that to me! I am not going to baptize children with him." *

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Nothing is more significant, however, than the manner in which courts of justice condone, if they do not positively encourage, theft. We have seen with what indulgence Russian jurors treat it, as if they feared that this precious national characteristic were in danger of disappearing, and that their sacred duty was to preserve and develop it. The following instance took place in a court where there are no jurors, but only judges. Two young men of sixteen and seventeen years of age broke into a village shop one night and abstracted cakes, sweetmeats, nuts, and liqueurs, to the value of about 15s. to 16s. Part of the good things they consumed themselves, the remainder they hid away in the hay, bringing them forth when occasion required, to treat the lads and When brought to trial the president of the court asked them if they admitted the charge. They replied affirmatively. He then inquired whether they were possessed of sweet teeth. They laughed heartily, repeating the words "sweet teeth." They were then acquit-

It may be urged that some allowance must be made in such cases for Russia as a country that has not yet succeeded in shaking off the moral and intellectual fetters of barbarism, as a community holding views upon many questions of ethics, as of politics, diametrically opposed to those of European nations, and that under such peculiar circumstances this indulgent way of treating thieves, this justice that comes disguised in the form of encouragement, may, after all, be productive of better effects upon men who are not malicious criminals than the cast-iron rigor of the cut-and-dried law of the West. All this may be granted — must indeed be granted, seeing that it is vouched for by undisputed facts; but then this is but another way of declaring the level of Russian morality, in the matter of honest dealing, of veracity in action, to be several degrees lower than that of the rest of the civilized world.

Nor can it be suggested that the juries who thus freely scatter certificates of morality, the judges who pass off robbery

and burglary as a joke, the corporations and editors who amicably associate with thieves, would modify their views, if they themselves had directly suffered from the dishonesty of those whom they thus take under their protection. Such personal considerations would not be permitted to have the slightest weight in modifying conceptions that are universal forms of thought rather than the result of a chain of reasoning. Of a hundred persons who have been robbed in Russia, though all might be equally eager to recover their stolen property, no more than twenty, if indeed so many, would wish to see the thief punished; and only very few even of these would go to the trouble of actively contributing to the realization of this ob-They prefer to curse the thief, wave their hand fatalistically, and continue their way as before.

In Saratoff on the Volga [says an eyewitness] the steamer Alexander II. was about It was crowded with passengers. to start. All the first and second class tickets were sold, and in the third class there was no room for an apple to fall; the passengers, so to say, sat upon each other. After the first whistle the assistant captain, hurrying through the crowds of third class passengers, was suddenly stopped by a peasant. "Your honor, the stopped by a peasant. "Your honor, the money has been found," he said. "Found! Where?" "Sewed up in that soldier's mantle. I went over there to search for it, and sure enough there were forty-one roubles and a twenty-copeck piece," said the peasant, brandishing a chamois-leather purse as if it were a war trophy. "Where's that soldier?" "There he is, asleep." "Well, he must be handed over to the police." "Handed over to the police! Why to the police? Christ be with him. Don't touch him, let him sleep on," he repeated naïvely, good-naturedly add-ing, "the money is found; it's all there." And so the matter ended.*

But this perversion of moral sense is considerably emphasized when transferred from the offender's person to paper. Russian is so hearty, so good-humored, so intensely human, that dishonesty seems in his hands only a distracted virtue. You catch him in the act, overhaul him, unabashed he confesses, sees nothing very objectionable in the deed, and is ready to sacrifice all his gains to put you in good This trait of mere criminal bontemper. homie in all his dealings with the world, the flesh, and the Devil should never be overlooked in estimating a Russian's character. He is no distressing moralist clamoring for a stringency in public opinion which he will do his best to evade; he

^{*} Minute, 23rd October, 1887. Odessky Listok, 29th October, 1887.

† Northern Messenger, January, 1889, p. 43.

^{*} Graschdanin, 30th August, 1889.

asks no greater laxity than he will allow; and playing the game of life with cards in his own sleeve, he would only laugh if you

are detected in a similar fraud.

Nowhere is the indulgence with which the people regard the gravest forms of dishonesty - robbery and burglary - so clearly, so unmistakably manifested, as in their solemn consecration, their elevation to the dignity of religious ceremonies, in the celebration of one of the most impressive popular festivals of the year. The feast is called Kuzminki, in honor of Saints Cosmus and Damian. It is usually celebrated on the 1st November, by a number of quaint ceremonies ending with a copious refection, in all of which only unmarried girls take part. In order to get together the refreshments which constitute an essential element of the feast, all the girls of the place rob and steal without exception. And not only do they steal from their parents and relations, but they extend the operation to perfect strangers, whose money, fowls, and movable property generally, they seize upon with that contempt of consequences which befits apostles of a religious cause. "The feast of Kuzminki," says a special writer on this subject, "is wholesale robbery. The lads also steal for it, giving the booty to the girls. They have no hesitation about using violence to all who resist." *

It has been pointed out more than once in the course of this paper that there is a numerous minority of honest men who are neither sectarians nor Jews in this vast empire of dishonesty — men who deserve great praise for the fortitude, and greater still for perseverance amid almost irresistible temptations, whose standard of morality is higher than the average standard in England, who would as soon think of cutting out their tongue as of telling a gratuitous or malicious lie, and who would die of starvation rather than defraud friend or enemy. It should not be disguised, however, that even they bear upon them unmistakable signs of the influence of the society in which their lot is cast; and while their own conduct may be in strict accordance with the highest principles of justice, their views of the differently shaped actions of their fellow-countrymen are determined by considerations wholly foreign and even hostile to all accepted theories of right living. "I have often conversed," says a Russian writer in a journal approved by the government censure -

* Northern Messenger, 1888, No. 12, pp. 61, 62.

I have often conversed on the subject of theft with men who are absolutely honest; but even they never once expressed that repugnance to lying which characterizes the way of thinking of civilized people. An epically calm tone, smiles and laughter at the description of thievish conduct and at what they consider the ludicrous position of the victims of the theft, and a rapturous raising of the voice when detailing the deftness of the robberthat is all that I have observed during such conversations.*

This inconsistency is apt to puzzle the logical mind. But inconsistency, and even the simultaneous play of diametrically opposed tendencies, is to a much greater extent the basis of the Russian character than at first sight seems possible; and a noble deed is often the outcome of an irresistible and sudden impulse felt and acted upon the very instant after the will had deliberately approved and resolved upon

a base treason.

This picture of millions of men and women wallowing in an ocean of moral ooze, wildly stirring up the muddy depths of unimagined baseness, while fighting life's battle on a false issue, is well calculated to evoke profound sensations, to leave lasting impressions. Those whom it moves to self-congratulation or to contemptuous pity would do well to reflect that the frequent back eddies of their own superior civilization are often mighty enough to be confounded for a time with the main onward current. The spirit in which these gaping sores of the Russian people are pointed out to the gaze of the curious world is identical with that which impelled the despairing and dying soldiers of Napoleon's army in Joppa to display theirs in all their disgusting nakedness in the hope of touching the hearts of those responsible for such horrors, and inducing them to adopt some measures with a view to effecting their cure. E. B. LANIN.

* Northern Messenger, 1889, No. 1., p. 49.

From The Cornhill Magazine. REAL ESTATE IN VOLCANIC REGIONS.

OF all forms of rash speculation in real estate, it would be difficult to conceive any to exceed that of investing in land riddled with boiling springs, and in the immediate neighborhood of an active volcano. Nevertheless from divers motives either the desire of immediate gain to be reaped from wonder-seeking travellers -from the fertility of volcanic soil so soon as wind and rain have accomplished the work of disintegration — or else from idleness, which gladly profits by the saving of domestic labor in a region where nature does all the cooking and all the washing, with small assistance from human hands — such places are almost invariably selected as "home" by a certain number of happy-go-lucky persons; and their children, born and bred amid awful volcanic surroundings, accept them as a matter of course, till some appalling catastrophe occurs, and sudden destruction overwhelms them all.

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In most of these regions we find only such simple homes as might readily be replaced should the inmates chance to survive; but the spirit of gambling in volcanic property may certainly be assumed to have reached its height when it leads to the erection of such splendid hotels as have sprung into existence in the Great Yellow Stone (alias Sulphur) region of North America. There at least one large and most luxurious hotel has been erected actually upon the terrace of white silica deposited by a geyser now apparently extinct - an assumption which is so entirely accepted as fact, that the funnel of the geyser is utilized as the very convenient main sewer of the hotel! The results, if that geyser should prove to be only dormant, and should resent having its throat thus tickled, are too terrible to contemplate, and every one who has studied the habits of these capricious boiling fountains must be aware that such a reawakening is quite within the bonds of probability.

Nor is it necessary that the individual geyser should reassert its claim to the funnel of its own construction. It is even more probable that its injured dignity will be vindicated by some irascible neighbor, either by a steam explosion or by an eruption of molten rock and ashes, according to the wet or dry nature of the aggressor. Possibly both causes may combine, as in the appalling outburst which two years ago overwhelmed the peaceful Maori villages on the shores of beautiful Lake Tarawera in New Zealand. Some were buried twenty feet deep beneath the showers of red-hot ashes suddenly ejected by the long-dormant mountain, whose summit had for eight hundred years been deemed the most secure resting-place for the dead warriors of the tribe; others were smothered beneath the dense volumes of scalding mud suddenly precipitated far and wide over the country, as with one fearful burst the whole basin of LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 3580

Lake Rotomahana, "the Hot Lake," was blown up as if by an appalling boiler explosion.

Never was "sudden destruction" more vividly illustrated. The sun had set in cloudless glory, and the villagers lay down to rest as free from dread of impending danger as the water-fowl which dwelt securely among the reeds on the sedgy shores of the placid lake, whose waters were warmed by scores of boiling springs rising from the bed of the lake, or pouring into it from the geysers which burst from a thousand fissures on the surrounding hills. Some of these, by their ceaseless deposit through unknown centuries, had built up those fairy-like terraces of snowwhite or pale salmon-colored silica, forming innumerable shell-like baths, each differing from all the others in form and depth, and in the temperature of the exquisitely blue water, which of course gradually cooled as it neared the level of the lake, receding from the boiling geyser.

The clouds of white vapor rising here, there, and everywhere, through the dark scrub which clothed the steaming hills, marked the site of geysers of every conceivable chemical combination, many of which had, by a judicious blending of hot and cold streams, been made to supply al fresco baths to which many generations of Maories had brought their sick that they might be healed at nature's free dispensary. So here, sulphur baths, mud baths, and many more offered themselves in endless variety, affording all manner of new sensations in the way of baths to those curious in such matters, and while the comfort of a warm mud bath by moonlight was certainly an unexpected pleasure to those who had the courage to plunge into it, all bathers agreed in awarding the palm of luxury to the lovely blue waters so densely charged with silica as to make the human body feel on emerging as if coated with smoothest satin.

The very limited number of foreigners who visited this wonderland generally spent the nights at the village of Wairoa, a village which might surely have been deemed secure, being situated on a green hill at a distance of several miles from any hot springs. Comparatively few visitors went to the expense of hiring tents and pitching their camp on the very brink of the lake, there to spend such days and nights of delight as to me must forevermore remain stamped on memory as altogether unique among the reminiscences of many years of travel in many lands.

But since the acquisition by the British

government of the whole "Hot Springs" region, and the commencement of a systematic sanatorium on the shores of Lake Rotorua, Europeans have become venturesome in the purchase of volcanic property, and houses and hotels have sprung up on land saturated with the steam of innumerable boiling springs. In truth, the site of the Maori village of Ohinemutu and the new European township of Rotorua seems quite as closely connected with the subterranean laboratory as were the shores of Rotomahana itself, so that it was but a small advance in volcanic gambling which planned the erection of an hotel on the very brink of one of the beautiful white terraces - a site which would assuredly have secured a constant succession of visitors. It is said that the contract for building this hotel had actually been signed ere that awful night on which the lake, with its strangely fascinating shores, was blown clean out of existence, overwhelming even the distant village of Wairoa beneath deep layers of scalding mud, while in the midst of the general chaos builders of a very different ordernamely, groups of horrid craters - piled up their own unsightly chimneys on the very site selected for the hotel.

In the immediate presence of such a catastrophe it seems scarcely credible that human beings should be willing again to face the same risks. Yet experience teaches the same lesson in all lands. After a brief period of startled bewilderment, the volcanic gamblers begin to reckon the chances against another outburst in the same place, and notwithstanding such terrible warning as that of the second awful catastrophe at Ischia against attempting to apply any law, even of chance, to agents so utterly capricious as these, the very uncertainty seems to offer an additional fascination to these rash speculators, and so homes and travellers' rest-houses are rebuilt as before, and the old careless life is soon resumed amid pools and localities which only too frequently are distinguished by names borrowed from those whereby men of diverse creeds and diverse race

describe the infernal regions.

As a matter of course such terms are most forcible and most abundantly scattered where the Anglo Saxon race have possessed themselves of those awful tracts of country in North America, where countless geysers pour their scalding waters into rivers which rush unseen through the depth of gloomy canyons - regions where of old the reverent Indians scarcely dared

men and wonder-seekers in general wander at will. There such names as Hell's Acre. the Devil's Cauldron, the Devil's Porridge Pot, and a thousand similar terms, however expressive, become wearisome by their reiteration in California, Wyoming, and elsewhere in the States.

But much as we must regret the substitution of these coarse epithets for the poetic and almost invariably descriptive Indian names, the bestowing of such is by no means peculiar to our own race. Buddhist who exhausts all the resources of art and language to illustrate the horrors of the seven hells is not likely to let slip any natural illustration of such a subject, and so, even in charming Japan, where the most picturesque villages and the daintiest tea-houses attract travellers to numerous natural hot baths in all parts of the group, the source of many of these springs both in the northern and the southern isle bears the suggestive title of Ko-ji-koku or O-ji-goku - i.e., the Little or the Great Hell, while one such spot in the neighborhood of Nagasaki is distinguished as the Chiū-to-Ji-goku, or the Middle-Class Hell. One beautiful geyser in the neighborhood of the latter is known as the Dai-kiô-kwan, the Loud Wailing, as suggesting the anguish of souls in purgatory

The stern reality of such lessons as have in the last few years been taught by the reawakening in awful might of volcanoes which for many centuries have been deemed extinct has effectually disproved the theories which assumed that the existence of thermal springs apart from active volcanic eruption marks the last lingering effort of a dying force. Now we know too well that the fires which still suffice to boil these cauldrons may at any moment produce awful steam explosions, even more horrible than the eruption of clean molten rock and burning ashes (not that there is really much to choose between such terrible alternatives, as our fellowsubjects in New Zealand so dearly proved when simultaneously assailed by both).

The summer of 1888 repeated the lesson in an even more impressive manner, for whereas the doom of the Maori villages was preceded by the sudden eruption of fire and red-hot rock from the summit of Mount Tarawera, nothing whatever was visible on the calm summer morning when, suddenly, as the explosion of a cannon, Bandai-san, after slumbering for eleven centuries, suddenly reasserted its claim to a place in the catalogue of the to penetrate, but where now scientific world's destroying forces by blowing off one of its own huge cones, and thereby destroying thirty square miles of country and six hundred human beings.

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The only trace of its connection with subterranean fires not yet wholly extinguished had been a group of three solfatara lying at the base of Sho-Bandai-san, one of the subordinate peaks of the mountain, which had so long been at rest that from the base to the summit it was clothed with richest vegetation, in the midst of which nestled the picturesque groups of chalets which clustered around the boiling springs, forming the spa-villages of Shimono-yu, Kawa-kami, Iwahashi, and Nako-no-These were favorite resorts, not only for invalids who came thither to drink and bathe in the healing waters, but for pleasure-seekers who delighted in lovely scenery and delicious hot baths, finding accommodation in the simple but well-appointed inns which so fascinate travellers in that charming country.

A people who so delight in social bathing naturally make the most of the hot springs which are found in so many parts of the empire, and surround them with quaint gardens and other pretty and characteristic details. Several of the attractive watering-places lie within such easy reach of Yokohama as to render them familiar to all foreign residents, as a pleasant object for a delightful excursion, and in Japan such excursions imply innumerable minor points of interest.

Thus my own recollections of visiting certain boiling springs near the base of Fuji-yama in the month of August are as a kaleidoscope wherein blend the quaintest medley of processions of pilgrims, tea-house scenes, driving along beautiful seacoasts, and watching pretty girls devour raw little octopi and other extraordinary food, or passing beneath stately avenues of pine and cryptomeria, past whole fields of lovely tall white lilies, grown as we grow potatoes for the sake of their roots, and then past ponds devoted to the sacred lotus, whose magnificent rose or lemon colored blossoms peeped from among the great blue-green leaves, rising to a height of three or four feet above the water. And on and on, through villages where crowds of children and grown-up folk too were celebrating a quaint mythological festival in such pretty fanciful fashion as seemed to suggest some fairy-tale rather than a page of prosaic life.

And then we halted for the night at the charmingly primitive tea-house of Sento which water is brought in bamboo fiery lava streams, or in the form of an

pipes from boiling sulphur springs at a higher level, and is cooled in rude but effective baths. One of these was given up to our exclusive use, drained, refilled, and screened in deference to our foreign prejudice, and here we revelled in peace and boiled away all the aches and fatigues of our long day's journey. Then our courteous hostess arrayed us in cool Japanese dresses from her own wardrobe, and treated us to an excellent Japanese supper.

On the following morning we repeated the sulphur bath with full appreciation of its merits, and then climbed through the forest to visit the sulphur springs - a dreary region where, in a hollow between dark wooded hills and red bluffs of crumbling rock, pools of boiling sulphur, alum, and iron, and clouds of steam rise ceaselessly from a bare expanse of red, broken ground. It is a desolate spot, in curious contrast to the loveliness all around, for no vegetation grows near the sulphurous pool.

This is one of the districts known to the people as O-ji-goku, or the Great Hell, while a neighboring locality is called the Little Hell. But on the occasion of the mikado's visit to this spot in 1877 he altered the names to Ko-waki-dani, "the Valley of the Little Boiling," and O-wakidani, "the Valley of the Great Boiling."

As beseemed conscientious travellers, we ignored the vile sulphurous smell and cooked our luncheon in one of the boiling springs (as we had done two years previously in similar springs in New Zealand and in Fiji), and then, braving the choking sulphurous fumes, which made us cough violently, we descended to inspect the process by which sulphur rock is pounded to a fine powder, thrown into furnaces where it becomes a gas, and thence passing through rude retorts, drips in a deep, orange-colored fluid into large vessels, where it becomes pure solid sulphur, of a pale chrome color, and is then tied up in bundles, wrapped in matting, and these are fastened to wooden backboards, and so carried to the low country on the backs of little Japanese women. Eventually this sulphur reaches Yokohama, where it is used in the preparation of mineral baths.

Now, seeing that these various groups of thermal springs lie within a day's march of the summit of the mighty Fuji-yama, it would be rash indeed to assume that, though its internal fires have been quiescent since the last great eruption in A.D. 1707, they may not at any moment burst forth in renewed energy, either, as heretogoko-yu in the heart of the beautiful forest, fore, pouring down the mountain-sides in

of Iwashiro. At present, however, all is quiet, and the boiling pools of the Great Hell submit to be used as domestic cooking-pots for the boiling of eggs and other

good things.

Gladly descending from this uncanny region, we took boat at the head of the lovely Lake Ashi-no-midzu-umi, which means "the Reedy Lake," and rowed to the charming village of Hakone, which lies on the shore, and is a favorite summer haunt for foreign residents from Tokio or Yokohama. Thence, one lovely morning, leaving the noble avenue of cryptomerias, we ascended a steep hill, and passing a fine, rock-hewn image of Buddha, we reached the village of Ashino-yu, which owes its existence to some celebrated boiling sulphur springs which attract many patients suffering from various skin diseases. The horrid, sulphurous smell at this place struck us as so singularly different from the clean smell of sulphur at Sen-goko-yu, that we inquired wherein the waters differed, when we were informed that the pleasant waters owe their virtue to the presence of sulphurous acid, while these, which taint the atmosphere with a suggestion of elderly eggs, are charged with sulphuretted hydrogen.

The situation is altogether unattractive, but the patients and other visitors find good accommodation at several large inns, which provide ample bathing arrangements on the usual social system, but private baths are reserved for exclusive foreigners who object to promiscuous bathing among strangers of both sexes. Further up the mountain lies another group of boiling sulphur springs, and those who wish to visit these must follow steep mountain paths winding over grassy hills and through bamboo thickets. But the ground is crumbling and the footing insecure, and the surroundings somewhat bleak and uninviting, in contrast with almost every turn in a district where every walk is a revelation of new beauties, and where the wealth of wild flowers is of itself a joy.

In August I saw real thistles and bluebells growing side by side with pink, white, and blue hydrangea, lilac and white hybiscus, masses of delicate white clematis and creeping ferns hanging in graceful drapery over many a plant of sturdier growth, and all manner of lilies, greenish and lilac, crimson, orange, and pure white. In some places we came on the splendid Lilium auratum, flowering in such profusion that the air was too heavily perfumed. is essential, as no beast is allowed to as-

awful steam explosion such as that which | Friends who knew the district in spring has so recently occurred in the province spoke with positive rapture of the loveliness of the blossoming cherry-trees, pink azaleas, and lilac wistaria, to say nothing of the abundance of fragrant violets.

> A little nearer to Yokohama we came to the charming village of Miya-no-shita, which likewise owes its primary attraction to some celebrated hot springs, so that it ranks as a fashionable spa. There are also hot springs and bathing establishments at Kinga and Dō-ga-shima, which are very pretty villages in 'the immediate neighborhood, on the brink of a rushing river enclosed by richly wooded hills, and with a thousand details of charming scenery enhanced by Japanese art.

> The next group of hot springs we visited lie at a considerable elevation above Nikko the beautiful, where on a solemn mountain, clothed with stately cryptomeria and pines, the magnificent tombs of the shoguns lie embowered amid camelliatrees, art and nature combining to produce the most entrancing combination of grandeur with exquisite prettiness of every

Leaving these marvellous creations we started up-hill on seven pack ponies, each led by a little Japanese woman at a slow walk, as indeed was essential, seeing how insecure were our seats, perched on the pack saddles, supported on either side by a roll of baggage, a foot on each side of the pony's neck, and holding on to the middle of the saddle, which has a hole in front for the purpose. This our guides insisted on our grasping all the time, setting all rules of drapery at defiance. The ponies were provided with straw cruppers, and were shod with neat little straw shoes on their fore feet. They proved very gen-tle and sure-footed, walking up and down whole hills of stairs just like cats.

Our procession was headed by a tiny woman barely four feet high, who led the baggage pony. We met other little women coming down the steep paths carrying babies on their backs, and each leading a couple of ponies heavily laden with wood. We also met many companies of pilgrims returning from the summit of the sacred Mount Nan-tai-zan, and hastening to acquire more merit by ascending the still holier summit of Fuji-yama - an act of merit so charming in itself that in the following autumn I likewise scaled the Peerless Mount as a true pilgrim, though the task of climbing to a height of thirteen thousand six hundred feet on my own feet was no light undertaking. This, however, cend the Holy Mount, nor may luxurious travellers be carried up.

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The pilgrims, who, almost without exception, are men and boys, are nearly all dressed in white, with straw hats like huge mushrooms, straw sandals, cloaks of grass matting as sole protection against heavy rain, a wallet, a gourd to act as water-bottle, and a stout staff to assist their flagging steps on many a weary march. One at least of the company carries a small brass bell which he rings continually, and others carry rosaries and rub their beads while reiterating sacred formulas. They come from all parts of the empire, visiting all the most sacred shrines within their reach.

A considerable number followed us up the hill, so we formed a most picturesque procession on a most picturesque path, as we specially observed on reaching a wide open gulch, where five times, on bridges of lightly laid branches, we crossed and re-crossed a mountain stream of purest aqua-marine, turning to white foam as it rushed down among great boulders. On the gravelly banks grew plants of very tall dark blue monkshood, and trailing vines with scarlet leaves. We noted many hazel bushes but no nuts, cherry-trees which blossom but bear no fruit, and chestnuts which do so.

Then we came to a steep hill clothed with pines and oak, bearded with long trails The path is cut into about of grey moss. a thousand feet of stairs, and up most of these we deemed it prudent to walk, and presently we turned aside to see a beautiful waterfall which loses itself in a dark pool three hundred feet below, while water percolating through the layers of manycolored rock trickles in countless small falls. Of course a pretty tea-house invites all wayfarers to rest and drink tiny cups of pale tea at the very spot from which the view is most perfect, and of course all pilgrims and travellers avail themselves of the opportunity.

A little farther, having reached a height of 4,375 feet above the sea, we came to the pretty lake of Chiusenge, which is very like a Scotch loch, but the village is essentially Japanese, consisting chiefly of two-storied tea-houses, which exist only for the accommodation of the pilgrims who flock here in July and August, those being the only months suitable for the ascent of Mount Nan-tai-zan, which rises directly above the lake. During these months the tea-houses are gay with little flags, which are testimonials bestowed by contented travellers, but for the rest of the year all is sleepy and still.

After following the shores of the lake for about three miles, we reached a broad, marshy plain of brown and golden grass, encompassed with great mountains. Then entering a wooded gorge we came to another magnificent fall, or rather an almost perpendicular rapid, as the water, forming a transparent veil of silvery white, slides at an angle of about 60° over a bed of polished black rock, and so disappears far below — a beautiful vision seen through a setting of scarlet, deep crimson, and golden maple, and dark green oak.

Still upward, following the lovely river to a height of five thousand feet, we reached the spot at which it pours from Lake Yu-no-umi—a most exquisite little gem embossed in richly wooded hills, which we saw in all their autumnal glory of color—mountain ash and maple contrasting with the dark foliage of oaks and pines.

Amid that range of wooded summits one alone stands bare, namely, the cone of Shirane-san, a dormant volcano, whose only recent symptom of life was when, in 1871, it erupted a considerable quantity of boiling water, steam, and ashes, as if to remind its neighbors not to count too much

on their security.

Perhaps it is to propitiate volcanic powers that a dark pool at the base of the mountains bears the name of Ma-no-umi, "the Devil's Lake," while a cave near the base of Nan-tai-zan is known as Ji-goku-no-kama, "Hell's Cauldron," and a river we crossed between the two lakes is Ji-goku-no-kawa, "the River of Hell."

Yu-no-umi takes its name from Yu-moto, the boiling sulphur springs which discolor the upper end of the lake. These are surrounded by a most picturesque group of tea-houses and inns very like Pyreneean châlets, which are further idealized by the misty clouds of white steam ever rising and floating through the dark pine forest from invisible boiling springs, and densest in the chill of early morning.

The village is frequented by many native visitors, who come here for the sake of the baths, which are supplied from springs of different degrees of heat, so as to suit all tastes. There are nine large public baths free to all comers. Some are protected by a wooden roof, but are quite open all round; others are merely open tanks with no covering whatever, and here men and women — total strangers to one another — bathe together in most primitive simplicity. Evidently in Japan this realistic method of getting into hot water with one's neighbors is greatly

appreciated, and these were undoubtedly very chatty and cheery assemblages, judging from the peals of merry laughter that rang out from those great steaming sheds, to which the little maids of the tea-houses carried ceaseless supplies of tiny cups of

pale tea.

This sort of gregarious bathing (minus any of those costumes, attractive or otherwise, which reconcile even Mrs. Grundy to the customs of our neighbors across the Channel) may be all very well when you have been brought up from your infancy to consider it quite the thing, as much a matter of course in social life as our daily dinner, but to the unaccustomed foreigner it is startling, and the subsequent process of cooling by taking a stroll around prior to dressing al fresco is certainly apt to be somewhat embarrassing to a new-comer.

The attendants at the inns are now, however, accustomed to the exclusive ideas of Europeans, and bring buckets of water from the boiling sulphur springs with which to fill large wooden tubs for those who desire to bathe in such comparative privacy as may be attainable in Japan. Half an hour's stewing in such a tub went a long way towards counteracting the fatigue of our eccentric mode of riding from Nikko, and I for one fully appreciated the luxury of a beautiful new wadded silk quilt shaped like a gigantic dressing-gown lent by our civil hostess, and attired in which I sat in my quiet corner of the verandah enjoying the lovely moonlight, and watching the ghost-like columns of white steam rising silently in the still night, but with as little thought as any of my neighbors of their latent power, or of the possibility that at any moment that lovely lake and village may share the awful fate which last autumn befell equally attractive villages in the next province.

About eighty miles due north of Nikko various groups of hot springs lie around the picturesque old town of Wakamatsu, which is situated in the centre of a fertile and most carefully cultivated plain, beyond which rise successive ranges of hills and mountains, all clothed to the very summit with rich vegetation and fine timber. In the heart of those hills, at a considerable height above this town, lies the large and beautiful Lake Inawashiro, at the base of the now too famous Mount Bandai-san.

As regards the great plain, where the work of irrigation is so much facilitated by mountain streams and rivers, it follows that most of the level land is devoted to the unpleasantly wet culture of rice. But

the soil is also specially suited to the growth of mulberry-trees, groves of which are conspicuous among the wealth of persimmon, walnut, and other fruit-bearing trees. This points to the fact that this district is the headquarters of the silk-worm industry, and the mulberry-trees are grown solely for the support of the hungry worms.

The town of Fukushima, a little farther north, is the centre frequented by silk buyers from Tokio, and here a large trade is carried on in silkworms' eggs and raw silk. But there is scarcely a house in all this part of the country which does not nourish and cherish these revered fat white caterpillars, which claim such incessant care during the feeding season, and require such constant relays of well-dried

mulberry leaves.

During the silk-reeling season it is one of the pretty features of country life to see the picturesque women, and indeed men also, sitting on their verandahs with their simple wooden spinning-wheels, reeling the silk from the pale yellow cocoons which lie piled beside them. But even here the economy of steam power is asserting itself, and an unlovely silk mill worked by steam power has been established at the town of Shirakawa, to the south-east of Wakamatsu, replacing the hand looms in which from time immemorial have been woven the exquisite fabrics worn by the magnificent nobles of Old Japan.

Of the hot spring villages aforesaid, one of the most romantic is that of Tsuchino-yu, above the town of Fukushima, while in the immediate neighborhood of Wakamatsu lies charming Hagashi-yama, where, along the banks of a fine river rushing through a deep ravine, most picturesque tea-houses are niched, near various hot springs which gush from the rocks—waters which have the charm of being alike free from smell or taste.

But still more attractive to health-seekers were the boiling springs on the flanks of Mount Bandai-san, the sharp main peak of which, as seen looking northward from Wakamatsu, towers conspicuously above the lower ranges of richly wooded hills.

Alas! of those pretty mountain hamlets we must now speak as we do of Herculaneum and Pompeii, so entirely have they been obliterated from the earth's surface—perhaps like them to be discovered and excavated by future generations.

excavated by future generations.

If we may credit Japanese chronicles, eleven hundred years have elapsed since*

^{*} In A.D. 807.

Bandai-san (i.e., "Bandai the most honorable," for such is the meaning of the suffix which we find appended to so many of Japan's noblest mountains, as Fujisan, Cho-tai-san, Adzuma-san, Gan-jiu-san, lide-san, Haku-san, Taro-san, etc.) last proved itself an active and destructive volcano, and indeed during those long ages not only had the mountain become clothed from base to summit with rich vegetation, but its outward form, with its crown of five peaks, had been so modified by atmospheric action as to have lost all the symmetrical and sweeping curves which we consider so specially characteristic of well-built volcanoes, such as Fuji-yama and Vesuvius.

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According to Japanese legend a high mountain once towered from the site now occupied by the beautiful Lake Inawashiro. The mountain disappeared, leaving the great basin about ten miles in diameter, now filled by deep waters. to Bandai-san, it was not formed till the ninth century, at about the same time as the majestic Fuji-yama, which is said to have been raised to its full height of thir-That teen thousand feet in a single night. was indeed a time of mighty effort on the part of the cyclopean forgers, for it was on that same night that they hollowed the vast basin three hundred miles to the southward - a basin sixty miles long by eighteen broad - wherein the blue waters of Lake Biwa now repose.

Though Krakatoa and its neighboring isles have done their best to give the world practical illustrations of the possibilities in the way of volcanic changes, there is reason to believe that no land has undergone so many of these within the memory of mankind as Japan, as we may well imagine, seeing that there are still fifty-one active volcanoes (and at least as many more dormant) extending in a mountain chain from the south-western isle of the group right up to Kamtschatka.

Professor Milne, who is the great authority on Japanese seismology, considers that the presence of hot springs entitles a volcano to be classed as active. Of these he finds twenty-seven in Yeso and the Kurile Isles and twenty-four in other parts of the group. Naturally, therefore, the wayward proceedings of these capricious neighbors claim a very distinct place in the history of the empire, and certainly no other race has kept such careful seismological records, amongst which are preserved very touching details of the means whereby in times of great danger the na-

- not, as in some other volcanic lands, by propitiatory sacrifice, but by deeds of mercy and gentleness.

Thus in A.D. 825, during a very grievous eruption, the mikado issued a decree that, to the intent that the eruptions might cease, he desired to show to all the kindness of his heart. Therefore he commanded that taxes should not be collected, and that special favor should be shown to the poor, the fatherless, and widows. efficiency of fasting was recognized, but was to be done by proxy, namely, by the priests, who were ordered to abstain from flesh and fish (whence we may infer that this prohibition was not addressed to Buddhists, for whom such luxuries are at all times contrary to their vows)

These historic records include details of no less than two hundred and thirty-one eruptions, some of which were of appalling magnitude, notably one of a mountain in Kiushiu, which, being supplemented in the work of destruction by an awful tidal wave, is said to have caused the death of fifty thousand persons (by no means an improbable fact, as illustrated by the appalling loss of life so recently as A.D. 1883, consequent on a similar combination of forces in the Sunda Straits).

Another volcano near Nagasaki, noted for its hot sulphur baths, and hence known as "the High Mountain of Warm Springs, distinguished itself in A.D. 1793 in a fashion similar to that adopted by Bandai, only on a very much larger scale. Its summit fell in, and torrents of boiling water burst forth. In one of its ebullitions it overwhelmed the city of Shima Barra, destroying thirty-five thousand persons. In the same district, a mountain fortress is said to have suddenly subsided, and the place where the hill had stood became a lake.

And in truth no one can visit the various "Hells" of Onsen, which lies twenty-five hundred and fifty feet above Nagasaki (in the southern isle), without feeling how natural some awful catastrophe would seem in a district where so much of the crumbling soil is permeated with steam that it rises in clouds from the earth, as well as from the seething sulphur pools and solfataras, of which one group extends over a space about a mile in length at the base of the dark, fir-clad hills. Some of these springs are true geysers (i.e., "gushers," for such is the meaning of the original Icelandic geyser), and spout to a height varying from two to ten feet according to their individual caprice. But neither this evident proof of subterranean activity nor the tion sought to avert the anger of the gods | very suggestive "infernal" noises disquiet the inhabitants of the pretty village, or the pleasure-seekers who come thither to enjoy luxurious baths and the charming

scenery all around.

One of the most active volcanoes in the group at the present day is that of Asamayama, which lies about a hundred miles to the south-west of the mountain which has now so suddenly re-awakened from its long, deep sleep. It towers to a height of 8,282 feet, and by night and by day is capped by a cloud of heavy vapor rising from its innermost depths — a cloud which at night glows with the reflection of the red molten matter within the crater, and seems in very truth a pillar of fire — a perpetual memorial to all men of its last appalling eruption, just a hundred years ago.

In the summer of A.D. 1783, while the industrious people of several score of hamlets were gathering the abundant harvest of their well-tilled cornfields, came the awful day of doom, which brought sudden and total destruction to upwards of fifty prosperous villages and hundreds of their inhabitants. These were either suffocated by the dense showers of ashes or crushed by the red-hot boulders and rock-masses which overwhelmed them as they fled. Vast tracts of forest were burnt by the fiery lava-streams which poured down the sides of the mountain, while the whole country for a distance of many miles around was smothered beneath a layer of ashes varying from two to five feet in depth.

Asama-yama did its work of destruction in the ordinary manner of dry volcanoes, by the ejection of molten rock and scoriæ, whereas Bandai-san has accomplished its terrible mission by the agency of steam, which so effectually permeated the whole mass, that when the explosion occurred which suddenly in a moment blew the whole peak, as such, out of existence, it fell over thirty square miles of country in an awful shower of scalding mud, burying a dozen villages, and causing the death in agony of six hundred human beings, and of a multitude of animals, besides involving total ruin to at least four times as many survivors, of whom a considerable

number are terribly injured.

Owing to the combined attraction of lovely scenery and boiling springs, this neighborhood has always been greatly appreciated by the Japanese, many of whom look forward to their summer holidays on or near the mountain, after the fatigues and anxieties of planting out the rice in the paddy fields, or bringing the silk harvest to a close. Consequently in summer

the usual meagre population of the various villages is augmented to a total of about six or eight thousand persons.

The facilities of modern travel have now brought this district within very easy reach of Yokohama and Tokyô. From the latter, seven hours by comfortable railway land the traveller at Koriyama, whence he is conveyed twenty-eight miles in a kuruma (the swiftly drawn "Bathchair" of modern Japan) to the western shore of lovely Lake Inawashiro. An excellent steamer conveys him ten miles across the lake, and deposits him at the foot of Mount Bandai, whence he finds his way to whichever of the dozen villages nestling among the verdant hills, he pur-

poses visiting.

Health-seekers would naturally seek one of the pretty villages which have grown up around the boiling springs on the height of Sho-Bandai-san, which was the lowliest of the five separate cones which crowned the mountain, and which were distinguished as "Great," "Middle," and "Small" Bandai, and other local names. The height of the highest peak is about fifty-eight hundred feet. Alas! that we should henceforward have to speak in the past tense of all that made the mountain so pleasant! Its flanks and foot hills are no longer verdant, the villages no longer exist, and the mountain crown is blood-stained.

Here for the first fortnight of June, 1888, thousands of happy people were living their pleasant summer life, so full of graceful courtesies and pretty customs. Many were enjoying their baths on the mountain, and many more were rejoicing in the loveliness of the valley of the Nakasegawa (the beautiful river which watered the fertile plain), or were making expeditions such as the Japanese so dearly love, up the rocky, wooded glens of the tributary streams. All that constitutes the poetry of life was there, and nothing to awaken one passing qualm of possible danger.

It was remembered afterwards that about the 12th or 14th June there had been some slight earth-tremors, and also some unaccountable variations in the temperature of the hot springs and in their flow, both incidents which are often observed to precede a volcanic disturbance. But in a land where sharp earthquakes are so very common, a slight shock would scarcely excite more than a passing comment.

or near the mountain, after the fatigues and anxieties of planting out the rice in the paddy fields, or bringing the silk harvest to a close. Consequently in summer [It is worthy of note that on or about June 14 a severe shock was felt in north China, an event which in that solidly convest to a close.

sequently the inhabitants of Peking were | that within a period variously estimated of the sort had been experienced. It lasted fully a minute, during which the earth seemed to swing easily from east to Houses creaked and plaster fell, but the only serious disaster seems to have been the fall of part of the tower over one of the city gates - the C'heen Mên - whereby twenty persons were at the first explosion. killed and wounded.]

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Around Bandai all was calm and peaceful when the day dawned on June 15. Columns of white steam floated dreamily in the cool mountain air, as the invalids repaired to their early bath, and all around was beautiful on that bright summer morning, when at 7.30 there occurred an earthquake shock so violent as to leave no room for doubt that some mischief was brewing. Fifteen minutes later this was followed by a second and yet more severe shock. Another brief interval of about ten minutes, and the earth began to heave like a tossing sea, rising and sinking so that houses collapsed, totally wrecked, and people were violently thrown down and became actively sick, as if at sea. standing was impossible, they tried to crawl on all-fours to whatever suggested shelter, but they soon realized that all places were alike unsafe.

The earthquake was immediately followed by an appalling and unearthly sound as of the roar of a thousand thunder-claps, blending with the shriek of all the steamroaring steam-boilers of and earth, and ere the terrified and deafened human beings could recall their bewildered senses, they beheld the whole mighty cone of Sho-Bandai-san blown bodily into the air, where it overspread the whole heaven with a vast dense pall of ashes, and mud-spray, blotting out the light of day and turning all to thick darkness.

Ere these had time to fall back to earth, there poured forth dark clouds of vapor, and such stifling gases as well-nigh choked all living creatures. Then leaping tongues of infernal flame, crimson and purple, seemed to flash right up to the heavens, and after appalling earth-throes were succeeded by showers of red-hot ashes, sulphur, and boiling water, accompanied by fearful subterranean roaring and rumbling, and by a rushing whirlwind of hurricaneforce uprooting great trees and hurling them afar.

Another moment, and there poured forth floods of boiling liquid mud, which swept down the mountain-side with such velocity

greatly startled; they affirm that fully a at from ten to fifteen minutes the scalding hundred years had elapsed since anything torrent was rushing past the village of Nagasake, on the brink of the Nagase River, having travelled ten miles from the crater more rapidly than any express train. Probably much of this fluid mud was hurled direct through the air, as was certainly the case with the many hundreds of millions of tons which were blown up

Evidently the earthquakes must have rent some subterranean fissure, through which a great volume of waters suddenly poured into the internal fires, generating a stupendous volume of steam, which must have continued to increase and to become more and more compressed as volcanic fires and subterranean waters continued their awful struggle, converting the foundations of the mountain into a cyclopean boiler, which finally exploded, with the result, a million times magnified, of the most awful boiler explosion ever known above ground.

The convulsions of the mountain rent great chasms from which uprose jets of flame, ashes, and boiling water, and many of the wretched fugitives were caught up by these awful fountains, and hurled on high with terrific force to fall back to earth all blackened and boiled. Some of these poor corpses were found caught on the boughs of trees, scalded and mangled beyond recognition. Others were battered and crushed by the red-hot stones and rocks which had been hurled from the crater to the clouds, and fell back to earth with awful violence.

The eruption continued for about two hours. By 10 A.M. its violence was spent, though for hours afterwards the ground trembled and quivered, as well it might after so appalling a fit of passion. But in those two hours the whole face of thirty square miles of country (in the form of a vast fan extending to a radius five miles from the central crater) was totally changed.

Of the mountain cone thus suddenly transformed into a steam boiler, there now remains only the back - a ragged, overhanging precipice, rising to a sheer height, variously estimated at six hundred or a thousand feet, above a bottomless crater of about a mile in diameter. Thence with ceaseless roar rise dense clouds of suffocating sulphurous steam, which sometimes clear off sufficiently to allow adventurous climbers a momentary glimpse of the seething mud below.

Those who have ascended that remnant

and so have reached the brink of that precipice, have beheld such a picture of desolation as seems scarcely to belong to this earth. All that was Little Bandai now lies outspread in a thick layer of horrid mud varying in depth from ten to one hundred and fifty feet - deep enough to efface every accustomed feature in the whole area - and itself partially coated with layers of pale grey ash and black stones and rocks, which seem to have been ejected to such a height as not to have fallen back to earth until the awful mudwave had poured itself out. It is now described as a wild chaos of earth, rock, and mud, in some places resembling the concrete blocks of some cyclopean breakwater - in others rather suggesting a raging sea whose gigantic waves have suddenly been congealed.

Of all that made the scene so beautiful and pleasant not a vestige remains - not a blade of grass where lately the mountain was clothed with springy turf, not a green leaf, not a sign of life, nothing but perished, save one or two men who had absolute desolation, with a horrid smell rising from stagnant sulphur pools. Great trees with their trunks twisted and split lie uprooted and hurled far from the spot where they have stood perhaps for centuries, while of the villages on the mountain not a trace remains - they and their inhabitants lie buried deep beneath this

hideous sea of mud.

At the spa-hamlet of Kawa-kami there are known to have been about sixty visitors; at Iwahashi about thirty; at Shimono-yu about as many more. Not one of these escaped - the baths and the homes where they had spent their last happy days became their graves. Three large villages near Hibara have also disappeared with

all their inhabitants.

Perhaps the most pitiful story is that of the people of Nagasake, a picturesque village standing on high ground between the volcano and the Nagase River. The mud torrent poured down in two distinct streams, and passed close by the hamlet on either side. Consequently it was almost unharmed, and if only the inhabitants could have realized how truly "their strength was to sit still," all might have been saved. But human nature could not but seek to fly when the appalling roar of the explosion, followed instantly by a rain of scalding sand and ashes, recalled in one moment the well-known stories of devastation wrought by so many mountains throughout the empire. In the first moment of panic the hopelessness of forth and not one remained. In another

of the mountain from the slope behind it, | flight was forgotten, and every man, woman, and child who could run (about ninety in all) rushed from the village, and fording the shallow river, about fifty yards wide, started by the narrow paths between the rice-fields, hoping to reach the hills on the farther side of the valley, which at that point is only half a mile in width.

But only a few moments had elapsed ere the heavens were blackened with the dense pall of ashes, and the affrighted people were enfolded in a thick darkness as of midnight. Dazed and bewildered, they halted, and when the sky cleared, and returning light enabled the poor old men and women (who, being unable to run, had remained to await death in their own homes) once more to strain their sight for a last glimpse of their friends and kinsfolk, they beheld only the awful torrent of liquid mud which, sweeping past the village, had overwhelmed all the valley beyond, and buried every one of the fugitives. So, although the village actually escaped, its whole able-bodied population gone out early to cut fodder, and had reached a secure position on the opposite

hills.

One of these accepted the catastrophe in a characteristic manner curiously illustrative of Japanese superstition. Every traveller and every student of Japanese folklore knows how strange and important a part is played by the Fox-god and his attendant fox-spirits, and how numerous and quaint are the stories and pictures of enchantment wrought by these beings, and how devoutly every peasant worships at the shrine of the Fox-god to secure his protection for the rice-fields. On the present occasion one of the grass-cutters, perceiving the eccentric movements of the ground, at once recalled the fact that on his way to work in the early morning he had met a fox, so he forthwith concluded that he had been bewitched, and, knowing that the first essential was that the person so enthralled should keep perfectly cool, he quietly sat down, lighted his pipe, and watched all the successive stages of the eruption with the calm interest of one beholding a curious vision which he knows to be altogether unreal. Perhaps to this hour he still believes himself to be Those who subsequently bewitched! visited that deserted village noted with pathetic interest the preparations for a simple festival, and the food in the cooking-pots ready for those who might never return. From one home ten had gone urged his son and grandson to fly and leave him to his fate, and now he was left alone to face a life far more terrible than death. And yet death, as here exhibited, was ghastly indeed.

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One would naturally assume that those who met their doom thus swiftly at least received secure earth burial, and that each body would have been therein preserved as securely as are fossil fish in their clay nodules. It appears, however, that there was no such peaceful rest for those overtaken by the scalding torrent, for when it cooled sufficiently to enable survivors to dig therein in search of the dead to whom they wished to give burial in spots where they might receive the same reverent care as the Japanese love to bestow on their pretty cemeteries, all were found to be so horridly mutilated as to be past recognition. "Crushed, dismembered, or decapitated, in the mad whirl of matter, stripped of every shred of clothing."*

From the mud-field below Nagasake twenty bodies were thus exhumed, but only one - that of a little child - was perfect; of the others not one could be identified, so that after all they had to be laid side by side in sixteen nameless graves, over which are erected oblong cairns of stone.

It was, perhaps, well that there should be so little temptation to disinter the dead, for in truth the living had work beyond their capabilities in contriving temporary measures for the irrigation of their land, and especially of the rice-fields. There was no leisure for idle lamentation, the mud-flow having effectually cut off the water-supplies, and as a few days of drought would inevitably involve total ruin and starvation, the villagers had forthwith to rouse themselves from their first stupor, and all hands, both men and women, had to set to work at once to dig trenches so as to conduct water from some newly formed lakes - a supply so grievously insufficient for the fields that the poor creatures were driven to jealously guard their irrigation works day and night, lest needy neighbors should be tempted to divert the scanty stream.

Hitherto no district has enjoyed a more excellent and abundant water-supply, furnished by crystal streams pouring down many a fern-clad ravine to feed the Nagase River. But now masses of mud have choked the river and the glens down which

was found a desolate old man who had its tributaries were wont to flow, forming great embankments, one of which is said to be two hundred feet in height. The waters thus dammed are forming a succession of lakes of ever-increasing dimensions, in some places overflowing the carefully cultivated land, and leaving other tracts parched under the midsummer sun.

This once exquisitely verdant valley of the Nakasegawa has, in its awful transformation, been well likened to the valley of the shadow of death, so terrible and so sudden has been the ruin wrought and so wholesale the destruction of its peaceful, prosperous inhabitants. In one brief hour the green rice-fields, the pleasant homes and pretty gardens, the foot hills with their luxuriant wealth of summer foliage, had utterly vanished, and in their place there remain only shapeless mounds of brown or red mud, partly coated with grey ash; where the pleasant turf was gemmed with fragrant flowers, now lie stagnant yellow pools of sulphurous water, and in place of happy voices, the absolute silence of desolation and death.

Looking down from the heights around, one sees the sharply defined limits at which the advance of this gruesome mudflow was stayed. On the one hand stretch the vividly green rice-fields; on the other, on the very brink of the boulder-strewn mud-plain (like solemn sentinels guarding the field of death), stand dark pine-trees, the advance guard of the pine forest which clothes the hills beyond.

The most striking illustrations of this line of demarcation are furnished by some of the villages which have partially escaped, such as that of Mine, in which the mud-stream has actually stopped short and solidified alongside of frail house-walls, which, though bent, remain standing, although houses close by have been wrecked by the hurricane. Indeed, some villages, such as Shira-kido, though untouched by the mud, were totally destroyed by the concussion of the earthquakes and the hurricane. Every house was wrecked, unroofed, or tilted over, and utterly unsafe. Till the motive power altogether failed the mud-flow advanced like a wall seven or eight feet in height, so that even the excavation of houses at its very brink has been no easy task.

With regard to the mighty wind generated by the explosion, its force can only be estimated by the wholesale destruction of forests at a distance of five or six miles from Bandai, while those on the mountain itself (on such of the slopes as escaped mud burial) were mown down as effectu-

^{*} Letter to the Times from Major General Palmer, R.E.

whether uprooted or snapped by the violence of the gale, hundreds of trees all lay prostrate in one direction, falling away from the crater, their poor, naked trunks stripped of the very bark, their branches and leaves having been whirled miles away to fall in a strange shower mingled

with scalding rain.

The mountain village of Inawashiro had a very narrow escape, the avalanche of mud and rocks having travelled to within a thousand yards of it and there stopped. In the first shock, when the earth staggered like a drunken man and the roar as of a salvo of a thousand great guns rent the air, the people fled, crawling on allfours, pursued by the red artillery (the red-hot earth falling in masses and turning grey as it cooled). The town was deluged with showers of boiling water, leaves, sand, and ashes. Agonizing stories are told of how mothers, flying with their children on their backs, discovered, when at length they ventured to pause, that the poor innocents had been struck by the falling stones, and that the burden they had carried with such loving care was but a mangled corpse.

But when the eruption ceased these villagers were able to return to the semblance of houses, however much damaged, and there received such poor sufferers as arrived to claim their care. These are just such cases as would survive any awful boiler explosion. Some are scalded, some burnt, others cut and maimed. women, children, horses, cattle, and sheep have been parboiled. The faces of

the dead are black.

There is no need to dwell upon scenes so awful, but assuredly they must serve as an appalling warning to all rash mortals inclined to speculate in real estate in the neighborhood of thermal springs.

From Longman's Magazine. ON SOME CHURCH SERVICES FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IT will soon be difficult for the present generation, accustomed, even in remote districts, to the modern and seemly manner in which Church of England services are now conducted - it will soon be difficult, we say, for this generation to realize the lax, colloquial, and occasionally grotesque form in which these same services were literally executed in divers places some fifty or sixty years since.

Not infrequently the service was a sort or "that" than "dat."

ally as though cut by a scythe, and of dialogue between the parson and the clerk, diversified by interludes from the orchestra in the gallery - an orchestra consisting of flute, fiddle, clarionet, 'cello, and, for aught the congregation knew, of sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer.

> The knee-breeches and gaiters, now adapted only to the dignified legs of dignitaries of the Church, were then as indis-pensable as the "bands," which have been since so nearly disbanded from the clerical throats of the modern clergy militant. Those were the days of high-backed, greenbaize lined, extensively moth-eaten pews, within whose sacred privacy "the gentle" took their ease, while worm-eaten "set-tles" served the simpler repose of "the

> A beadle in gown and cane is fast becoming as much an unknown quantity as the number of blows bestowed by him on the heads of errant charity boys. During a long morning service he went his rounds as regularly as the postman of to-day, and rapped at knowledge in lieu of letter-boxes.

> In a little old village church to which we were often taken as a child, the aged and sand-blind clergyman left hymns and anthems alike to the discretion of the gallery. At no particular time, but after due consultation and discussion, the number of the hymn or psalm was chalked on a slate and hung over the front of the gal-lery for the information of such of the congregation as could see it. The first line of each verse was "given out," to the invariable cadence of the first line of the old ditty, "A frog who would a-wooing go;" but we were used to it, and only strangers were seen to smile.

> The clerk was a busy man. Besides taking his share in the dialogue before alluded to, he vacated his desk - the lowest tier of three - immediately before "singings," and wended his way up the gallery stairs to join his co-musicians. Old custom had inured us to hearing his "Amen" resound from just wherever he happened to be when collect or prayer ended; aisle, stairs, or gallery were all alike to him - and to us. Now and again the rector, being, as we have said, sandblind, made mistakes in the date of the psalms, and was crustily corrected by his clerk. We remember on one occasion his snapping his reverence up particularly The little old church was situated in that district in Kent where at that period, the peasantry considered it "all affectation of them townsfolk" to pronounce "the" otherwise than as "de," So when the

d the m the wrong psalm, his clerk below growled out, "Wrong day o'de mont'." Thus rebuked, hestra 'cello, the rector carefully and cautiously readew, of justed his spectacles - as if they were in fault - and re-commenced. now

"Dat's de arternoon," snarled his inexorable subordinate, and at last, the right psalm being found, the service was allowed

to proceed.

Once and once only did we see this dictatorial Jack-in-office thoroughly at fault. For though there were many words quite beyond his science to pronounce, as Dandie Dinmont might say, "distinctly," still, ignorance was bliss, and he called an alien a lion with all the boldness of one. On this occasion (we heard afterwards he had been flustered by some contention with the gentle 'stringers in the gallery) his still-vexed soul had not heeded, neither knew, "the psalms proper for this morning's service." The rector read his verse and the muffled drums of the congregation alone replied; our fugleman, very red in the face and very busy turning the leaves, kept up an inarticulate humming, like a top, and so it went on through the whole of the first psalm. Clear and loud as chanticleer did he crow out his verse of the next one, when, his "place" at last found, he looked round on us with an eye

half appealing, half defiant. During the hot weather, when the church door was left wide open, many and cheering to the children were our visitors. Birds flew in and out, bees and butterflies paid passing visits; even a kitten have we seen, with tail erect, picking her dainty way among the settles until she found her cottage mistress. The eyes of the congregation followed these apparitions stolidly. But not a muscle of their mouths relaxed even when a large Newfoundland dog, having paid a visit to each pew in turn, rising on his hind legs at every closed door, at last announced his discovery of his master by a loud and joyful This occurred during sermon time, and the rector, peering from the heights above, told the clerk to "turn that dog out," and sate himself calmly down while his order was executed. The clerk, nothing loath, clanked in his nob-nailed shoes down the aisle, with both hands raised above his head, calling out loudly to the dog, evidently an old acquaintance, "Go out, old Sailor, go out then ! " and the dog, with true canine consciousness of having misdemeaned, lowered his tail and withdrew in confusion. But not a smile was

venerable old man had given out the porch, and on our way home from church we heard the neighbors characterizing "de dog's a-comin' to church "as "a rum

> It was a few years later, when we were staying in the neighboring town of Rthat certain eccentricities in the services of quite a different style attracted our attention. We heard the new curate discussed, and listened awe-struck to the fact that he had preached the previous Sun-day's sermon in lavender kid gloves in addition to his black gown and bands. Some even averred that he wore a ring outside his glove. But his moustache was the head and front of his offending. His gloves and his ring might be, and doubtless were, due to his "high connections" (he was understood to have married the first cousin of an earl once removed), but all R-'s inhabitants' hair rose to see a man in the pulpit with hair on his lip; that was "new fangled," and not to be endured.

> However, he proved so good-humored and kindly, he was soon liked in the very teeth, so to speak, of his moustache. is of his clerk rather than of him that we recall certain erratic performances, which could only have occurred fifty years ago. And not so much of the clerk-proper as of

the clerk-substitute.

The clerk-proper was a tall, corpulent man, red of eye and husky of voice, addicted to absenting himself from service now and then by reason of his "bronchittial organs," as he termed them, being out of order. His place on these lamentable occasions was supplied by the clerk-substitute. Enthusiastic as are most amateurs, it was the joy and pride of the weazen little barber to array himself in the flowing gown of the portly absentee. A world too wide as well as too long, it once brought the ambitious little man to signal grief. Restless as an eel, the barber delighted in those extra and supererogatory ministrations which brought him more prominently before the eyes of the congregation. With pursed-up lips and shining spectacles, he had just enjoyed the glory of lighting the two candles in the pulpit, for it was a Sunday evening in early autumn, and before the sermon was ended they would be needed. This necessary office fulfilled, our amateur, no doubt in zeal for the Church, but for reasons known only to himself, next paid a flying visit to the vestry. Meantime the curate was in the pulpit, and the preliminary collect drawing to a close, when the seen; only our eyes followed them to the eager barber appeared in full flight down

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" all prode," the forgot the two steps or whether his feet became entangled in his robe of office, is not known, but headlong he fell, and prone he lay. Just then the collect came to a conclusion, and the zealot, raising himself on his elbows, responded a loud "Amen" The curate, after leanfrom the matting. ing over the side of the pulpit to ascertain where the sound came from, had recourse to his white pocket-handkerchief, and the beadle promptly knouted the "charities"

who had dared to grin.

Once when the church was closed for some alterations - the laying-on of gas, we believe - service was held in the old Town Hall of R- At this time the portly clerk-proper was "laid up;" the heat and crowded room were objectionable to him, probably. But the barber was equal to the occasion. With the aid of four forms arranged as a square, he built himself in and railed himself off, so as to be seen to the best advantage. Perched in the centre of a bench placed across the square, with a candle - the largest he could procure - placed a light on either hand and at a respectful distance, did he there acquit himself of the responses that fell to his share, with a face suffused with unspeakable satisfaction.

When the church was reopened, we were present, as a great favor, at the first evening service, to see the working of the new lights; and we were gratified in a way we had not expected. The gas was turned on, and the illumination was unimpeachable for the first half hour or so; then came a flickering, a twitter, a gasp, and darkness such as the land of Egypt must have known, at the moment when the curate had just read the first words of the collect, commencing, "Lighten our dark-

In the - to us - awful pause that succeeded, the clergyman's voice at last announced "the Evening Hymn;" and the congregation responded as though they fully realized the "blessings of the light" of which, that evening, they had so unceremoniously been deprived.

ELLEN DUDLEY.

From The Spectator. THE MYSTERY OF AFRICA.

IT is impossible to read Mr. Stanley's reports of his adventures, and especially the official one - a masterpiece of unpre-

the chancel. Whether in his haste he | by a self-conscious man - without reflecting once more upon the great mystery of Africa. What is it that through all ages has rendered the mass of that grand continent, five times the size of Europe, full of extravagantly fertile regions and of mineral treasures, so useless to mankind? There they are, millions upon millions of rich acres, millions of pounds' worth of treasure, millions of people physically strong; and except on a thin coast-line along the Mediterranean, and in a wonderfully narrow valley of the north-eastern corner, the progress of mankind, till within the last fifty years, has been no better for them. Natural riches such as Europe does not possess have served only to keep alive, for the most part in horrible misery, populations which never advance, never improve, build no city, develop no art, found no lasting society, - do nothing, in fact, but end lives of terror or rapine by deaths often of exceptional pain and horror. The Africans have not even developed creeds. The old-fashioned explanation, the solidity of the configuration of the continent, which has no internal sea and no deep fiords, is evidently imaginary. Africa is no more solid than Asia, and in some of the thickest and most remote corners of Asia, in central China, in Samarcand, in the depths of Arabia, in central India, some of the greatest and most independent civilizations have arisen. If Africa has no sea, it has great lakes; if it has no fiords, it is penetrated to its very centre by mighty rivers, the Nile, the Niger, the Congo, the Orange, the Limpopo, the Zambesi, and several more, only one of which has ever attracted a race capable of constructing stone buildings on its banks. So far from the desert and the forest being the obstacle, the deserts have been traversed on camels for ages; half Africa is capable of cultivation, which itself implies capacity of travel; in large sections of it the population is thick on the ground, and even on the lower grounds, or in the Doabs, where such awful forests as that of the Aruwhimi stretch, there are, as Mr. Drummond testifies, thousands of miles of footpath so incessantly trodden that natives are never without a guiding line. Another explanation is, that the obstacle is the climate; but that is almost as superficial as the first. Continents are populated by their peoples, not by wandering visitors from elsewhere; and the climate of Africa, though in places deadly to the European, does not kill its own peoples, who are, for the most part, men tentious lucidity, though obviously penned of exceptional physical vigor and endur-

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ance. That is why the curse of the slavetrade has descended on Africa, and also why her children, though transported to other regions, oppressed, beaten, and halfstarved, multiply faster than either of the great colonizing races, the Anglo-Saxon and the Spaniard. Ask the British soldier what the Zulu is like as a fighting man, or the British sailor what he thinks of the mere strength of the "nigger" cook, or any doctor in the Louisianian swamps, or those of Mozambique, how he compares the capacity of negro and white for resisting malaria. Besides, Africa is not a place, but a wilderness of places, and on its enormous plateaux the climate is often as good as that of Italy, and far better than that of Bengal, where the people swarm like flies. Sierra Leone is in Africa, but so also is the Orange Free State, where ill-health may be said to be unknown, and the few people might be excused if, like the savages of Guiana, they held witchcraft to be the only origin of disease. Nor is the better theory of her separateness a full explanation of the uselessness of Africa. Men could hardly be more separate than the Assyrians, or the Chinese who reared the social order of the earlier native empire, or that strange people of Egypt who built Luxor and wrote the hieratic books, and who can have borrowed nothing, because they were earlier than all. No civilized man, it is said, not even the Roman, ever discovered the Quorra; but did any such man discover the Nile? There was, it is suggested, white blood in the first Egyptian, white blood, and therefore the transcendent gift of accumulating knowledge. Granted; but was there white blood in the subjects of the Incas, who built, in a seclusion as perfect as that of a separate planet, great cities, smelted metals and worked in them, terraced the mountain-sides with watered gardens, invented the quipus, and organized a social polity so elaborate that the modern Socialists of the Continent, though they do not know it, are but the imitators of the old Peruvian ideas? And, finally, the great "Negro" theory, the incompetence said to be always found in the children of Ham, which is so constantly advanced, does not meet the facts. All Africans are not negroes, or even black men. Brown races, no darker than the races of India, dwell or wander in a large portion of the continent. The Zulus and a host of such tribes are Asiatic in form, though burlier; and Stanley relates, in the very report which provokes us to this speculation, that he found "finely formed"

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tribes "light bronze" in color, in the very recesses of the horrible forest of the Aruwhimi. Why has not some one clan amidst so many races mastered and civilized the negro tribes, as similar clans mastered and civilized the original Australoids of the Asiatic deltas? They were not impeded, we presume, by modern ideas about the righteousness of conquest, or by any hesitation in using discipline to enforce the needful education.

It would be no explanation to say, as we seem to remember that Sir R. Burton has somewhere said, that the native of Africa lacks the natural morale necessary to develop a civilization. That only pushes back the research one step further, for why does he lack it any more than any other of mankind? Moral strength surely is not dependent on geography; and in Christian morality, or any sound morality, the Chinese is as lacking as the negro. Besides, is the idea well founded? It is not necessary to cumber ourselves with democratic nonsense about the equality of races, who are no more equal than individuals are, in order to ask whether the low moral nature of the African may not be exaggerated, whether, at all events, it is not high enough to allow of a coherent society. It seems to us, who are most doubtful of negro capacity for unguided development, as if there were some evidence on the other side. To ask to be governed, to be grateful for political protection, is the very first of political steps upward, is the root, for example, of kingship and feudalism; and negroes have displayed these qualities. Mr. Stanley is certainly no "nigger worshipper," but a man who says out that Emin Pasha's failure was due to his hesitation in governing when needful by the bullet, and he tells one story strangely suggestive of a hope to be entertained for the negro even when unguided: -

Our advance into Usongora created great terror among the Waradura, and infused such courage in the minds of the Wakongu and the Wasongura, that our expedition became soon of such a formidable force that opposition was hopeless. We drove the Wanyoro from both these countries, and released the Salt Lakes of their presence, and in so doing performed such service to the natives of Ukonju, Usongora, Toro, Uhaiyana, Unyampaka, and Ankori that our march through these countries was a triumph; we were the recipients of many courtesies; we were welcomed by old and young; king, chief, and peasant assisted to do Ankori especially is such a vast us honor. country and so very populous, that it alone might have seriously impeded our advance,

and possibly rendered it impossible; yet in no | district, country, or region in all my experience of Africa have I been so affected by the general joy and universal pleasure my presence seemed to create. The reason of this was the great relief all these nations and tribes felt at the removal of the obstructions placed by the Wanyoro around the valuable salt deposits at the Salt Lakes, near Lake Albert Edward. The general exodus of the Wanyoro at once opened access to the salt deposits, and while we slowly marched through the land, flotillas of canoes were hastily despatched by the tribes around Albert Edward Nyanza to be freighted with valuable cargoes of salt - an article much needed by the pastoral people of the lake because of their immense herds of cattle. Even as far as Karagwe this relief from the presence of Wanyero was felt, and we happily experienced its effects, for from the Albert Nyanza to the south-western frontier of Karagwe our expedition was supported with grain, bananas, and cattle by voluntary contributions of the kings and peoples. Any readers of explorers' records will understand what this means. An expedition, such as I led, of eight hundred souls would, under ordinary circumstances, have needed forty bales of cloth and twenty sacks of beads as currency to purchase food. Not a bead or a yard of cloth was demanded from us. Such small gifts of cloth to the chiefs as we gave were given of our own ac-

Negroes undoubtedly forget with the rapidity of children; but can the tribes of whom Mr. Stanley writes this be incapable of understanding or obeying the firm but just government to which his own followers - Africans also - so completely yielded, that they became in all essentials a little army of disciplined men, ready to face anything except the protracted hunger which, be it remembered, has often dissolved the discipline of British sailors, and would, we fear, dissolve also that of Pomeranian soldiers? There must be possibilities of government among such a people, though it might not be government by philanthropists who have forgotten what savage human nature is like, as completely as they have forgotten the old Biblical teaching about those who bear the sword of the Lord in vain. And yet if this ability to be governed and protected exists, this thirst for a true political rule, how is it that in three thousand years it has never been gratified, when it has been gratified everywhere else where men have grown thick on the ground? We know, and pretend to know, of no answer to the riddle, and can only say that if men owe any obligation to each other, Europe is bound to find one, and to prevent both at once and for all time such scenes as this, of progress verily is hard to find.

which in whole sections of Africa have now become normal:-

People in England have not the slightest idea what the present fashion of ivory-collecting, as adopted by the Arabs and Zanzibari half-castes west of the lake regions, means. Slave-trading becomes innocence when compared with ivory-raiding. The latter has become literally a most bloody business. consisting of from 300 to 600 Manyema, armed with Enfield carbines, and officered by Zanzibari Arabs and Swahili, range over that im-mense forest land east of the Upper Congo, destroying every district they discover, and driving such natives as escape the sudden fusillades into the deepest recesses of the forest. In the midst of a vast circle described by several days' march in every direction, the ivory-raiders select a locality wherein plan-tains are abundant, prepare a few acres for rice, and, while the crop is growing, sally out by twenties or forties to destroy every village within the circle, and to hunt up the miserable natives who have escaped their first secret and sudden onslaughts. They are aware that the forest, though it furnishes recesses of bush impervious to discovery, is a hungry wilderness outside the plantain-grove of the clearing, and that to sustain life the women must forage far and near for berries, wild fruit, and fungi. These scattered bands of ivory-hunters find these women and children an easy prey. startling explosion of heavily loaded guns in the deep woods paralyzes the timid creatures, and before they recover from their deathly fright they are rushed upon and secured. By the possession of these captives they impose upon the tribal communities the necessity of surrendering every article of value, ivory or goats, to gain the liberty of their relatives. Thus the land becomes thoroughly denuded of ivory; but, unfortunately, also it becomes a wild waste. The six hundred ivory tusks that Ugarrowwa was bearing now to the coast had been acquired by just such bloody work, relentless destruction of human life, and condemnation of the unhappy survivors of the tribal communities to indescribable miseries. What Ugarrowwa had done within his elected circle, Kilonga-Longa has performed with no less skill, but certainly with a far greater disregard to the interests of humanity, within his reserve; and the same cruel, murderous policy was being pursued within dozens of other circles into which the region as far south as Uregga, north to the Welle, east to longitude 29 deg. 30 sec., and west to the Congo, was parcelled out.

Alas! we who write so hopefully of civilization know well that these devils incarnate are, as compared with the negroes they murder, potentially highly civilized, are, in fact, of the race which wrote the "Arabian Nights," built Bagdad and Granada, and invented algebra. The secret a have

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